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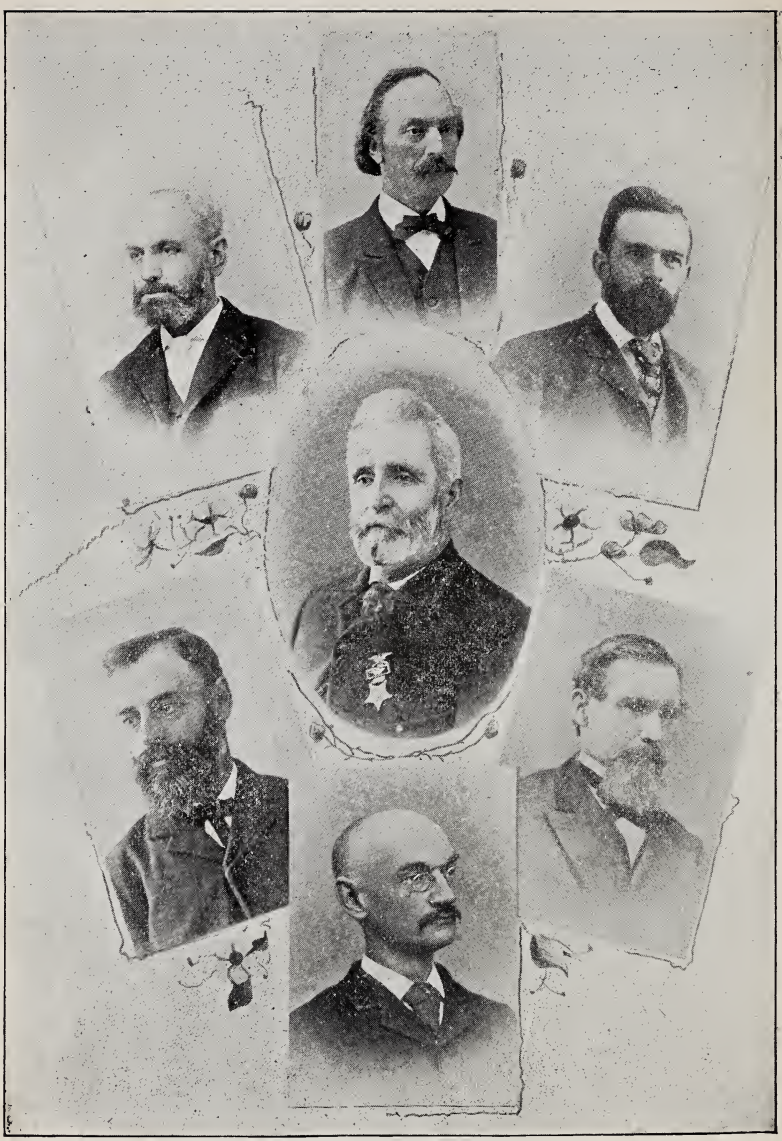


TOWN COMMITTEE.

WILLIAM F. FRENCH, ELI S. BURNS, EMRI C. HUTCHINSON.

JOHN W. CROSBY, Chairman.

CLARENCE J. GUTTERSON, GEORGE A. WORCESTER, JOHN E. FOSTER.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

One Hundredth Anniversary

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF MILFORD,

NEW HAMPSHIRE,

JUNE 26, 1894:

INCLUDING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE,

ADDRESSES, POEM,

AND OTHER EXERCISES OF THE OCCASION.

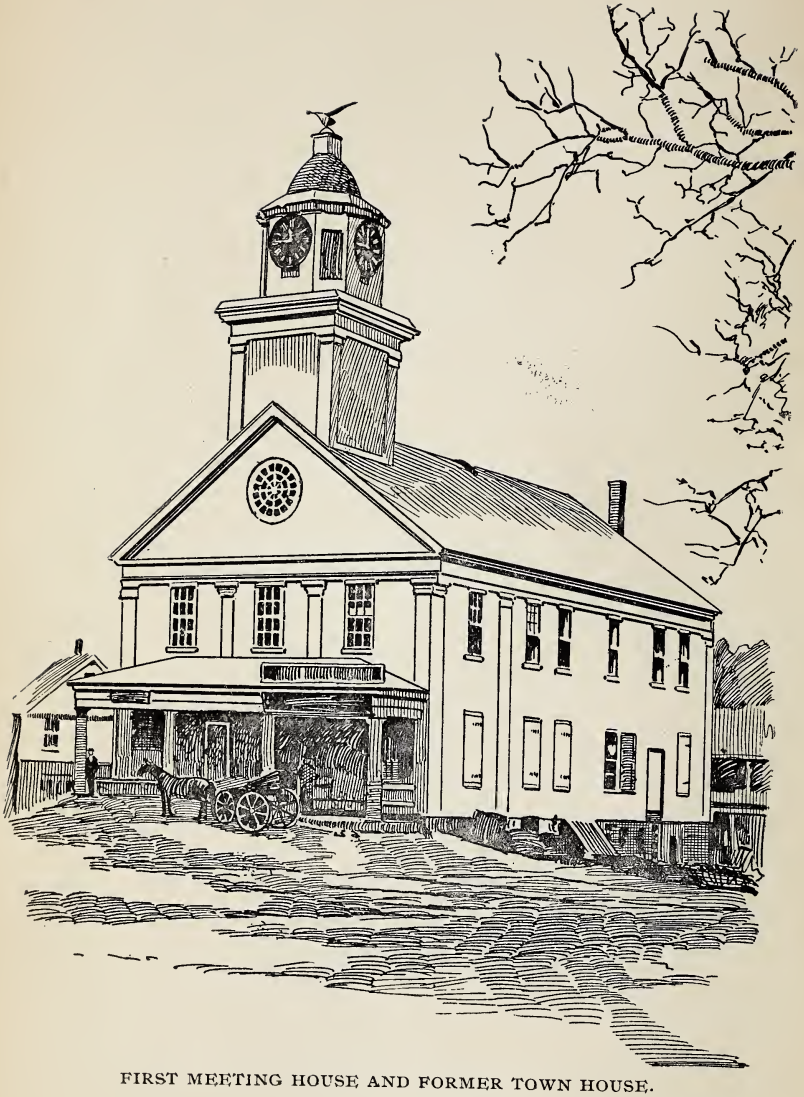
They who never look back to their ancestors will never look forward to posterity.

Burke.

MILFORD,
CABINET PRINT.
1894.

1492422

EQUAL & EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL
SETTLED 1738
INCORPORATED 1794
MILFORD N.H.



FIRST MEETING HOUSE AND FORMER TOWN HOUSE.

"*STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE*, 1794.

"In the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four.

"An Act to incorporate the Southwesterly part of Amherst, the Northwesterly part of Hollis, the Mile Slip and Duxbury School farm into a town, and to invest the inhabitants thereof with all such privileges and immunities as other towns in this State hold and enjoy.

"*Whereas*, a petition signed by a number of the inhabitants of the southwesterly part of Amherst, the northwesterly part of Hollis, the Mile Slip and Duxbury School farm (so called) has been preferred, setting forth that by an act of incorporation passed by the Legislature of this State, on the first day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, the southwest part of Amherst aforesaid was, by certain boundaries therein described, made a parish; that the tract of land therein contained is too small for a town; that the inhabitants of the Mile Slip and Duxbury School farm aforesaid are unable to support the Gospel, build bridges and maintain schools; that a number of the inhabitants of the northwesterly part of said Hollis could be better accommodated by being annexed to the southwest parish in Amherst. They, therefore, prayed that they might be incorporated and made a body Politic, with all the Corporate powers and privileges by law vested in other towns. And the inhabitants of the town of Amherst, in legal Town-meeting, having voted their assent to the same;

"*Therefore*, Be it Enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court Convened, that all the lands and inhabitants within the following limits: viz., Beginning at the southwest corner of the northwest parish in Amherst aforesaid, on Lyndeborough east line, thence running easterly to the northeast corner of Amos Green's lot, called the Mill lot; thence southerly on a straight line to the southwest corner of lot No. 20; thence easterly on the range line to the northeasterly corner of William Peabody's land; thence southerly on the range line between John Shepard, Esq., and William Peabody's land until it comes to land belonging to the heirs of John Shepard, late of said Amherst, deceased; thence easterly to the northeast corner of the same, joining to land of the same John Shepard, Esq.; thence southerly, by land of John Shepard, Esq., aforesaid, on the range line to Souhegan River; thence down the middle of said River till it strike land owned by Benjamin and Stephen Kindrick; thence southerly by said Kindrick land to the road leading from David Danforth's to the town of Wilton; thence crossing the same and running a south point to Hollis Line, being near David Duncklee house, and then to the northeast corner of the land lately laid off from said Hollis by their committee appointed for the above purpose; thence running south about twelve degrees east so as to strike the northeast corner of John Stearns' land, it being the northwest corner of Robert Colboun's land; thence on the same course till it comes to the southeast corner of the said Stearns' land; thence westerly, by said Stearns' and Wm. Haley land, until it comes to the northwest corner of said Haley land, thence westerly to the northeast corner of Mr. Gould's land, and so on westerly, by said Gould and David Danforth's land, to said Gould's northwest corner; thence turning southerly to southeast corner of Robert Darrah's land; thence west fifteen degrees south until it comes to Raby east line; thence northerly on said Raby east line until it comes to the south line of said Amherst; thence northerly on the north line of said Raby to the southwest corner of Amherst; thence southerly by the west line of Raby to the southeast corner of the Mile Slip; thence westerly to the southwest corner thereof; thence northerly on east line of Mason and Wilton to the northwest corner of the Mile Slip; thence easterly on the south line of Lyndeborough to the southeast corner thereof; thence northerly by the east line of Lyndeborough to the bound first mentioned, Be, and the same are hereby incorporated into a town by the name of Milford; and the inhabitants who reside and shall hereafter reside within the before-mentioned boundaries are made and constituted a body politic and corporate, and invested with all the powers, privileges and immunities which towns in this State by law are entitled to enjoy; to remain a distinct town, and have continuance and succession forever. And be it further Enacted that Augustus Blanchard, Esquire, be, and he hereby is, authorized and empowered to call a meeting of said inhabitants for the purpose of choosing all necessary Town Officers; and shall preside therein until a Moderator shall be chosen to govern said meeting, which shall be warned by posting up notice thereof at the Meeting-House in said Milford, fourteen days prior to the day of holding the same, and the annual meetings for the choice of Town Officers shall be holden on the first Tuesday of March annually.

"Provided always that nothing in this act contained shall, in any wise, release the inhabitants of the said Southwest Parish in Amherst (part of Said Milford) from paying their proportion of all debts now due from the town of Amherst, or their proportion of the support of the Present Poor of said Town and Parish, or any taxes now assessed on them as inhabitants of the said Town of Amherst; but the same may be levied and collected from the inhabitants of the said Southwest Parish (now part of Milford aforesaid) in the same way and manner as if this act had not been passed; and the present inhabitants of the said northwesterly part of said town of Hollis shall be liable to pay all taxes heretofore assessed on them as inhabitants of the town of Hollis, in the same way and manner as if this act had not been passed.

"In Senate, January 11, 1794. This bill having had three several readings, passed to be enacted; sent down for concurrence.

"ABIEL FOSTER, President of the Senate.

"In the House of Representatives, the same day, the foregoing bill, having had a third reading, was enacted.

"NATHANIEL PEABODY, Speaker.

"Approved 11th January, 1794.

"JOSIAH BARTLETT.

"A true copy.

"Attest, NATHANIEL PARKER, Dep. Sec.

"Recorded by

"AUGUSTUS BLANCHARD, Town Clerk."

NOTE.

In the compiling of this centennial record we have met with more delays than we anticipated. Much that occurred on the day of the celebration it is impossible to reproduce upon a printed page. The most that we can do is to make it as perfect as the circumstances will permit. In this effort we have been aided very largely by those who took part in the exercises of the day.

The addresses, as furnished in MS., together with the letters, are in the main, in the exact form of address or language of the speaker or writer.

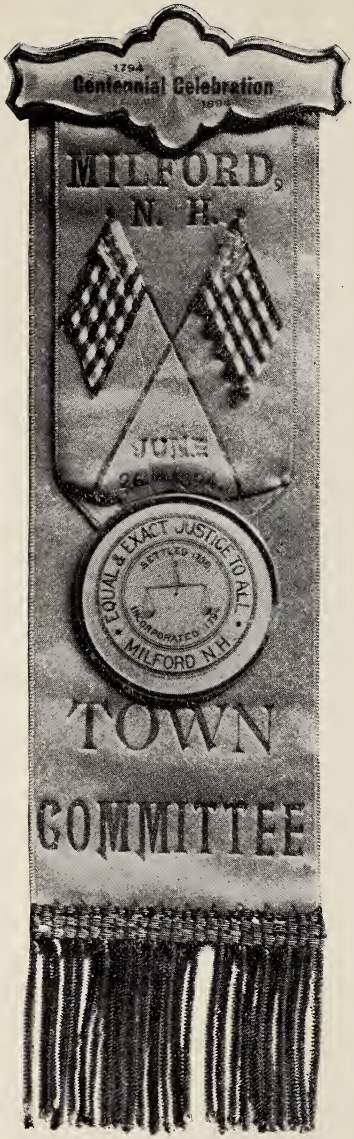
I assume full responsibility for the preparation and compilation of this book. Whatever errors or inaccuracies may appear belong to me.

The long time which it has taken to secure the illustrations is the cause of the delay of the volume.

Respectfully,

W. B. ROTCH.

MILFORD, N. H.



ONE OF THE BADGES.

Milford Centennial Celebration.

The Selectmen of Milford through their Representatives to the General Court of the State of New Hampshire, asked permission for the town to appropriate money for the proper celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, and the following act was passed :—

An act authorizing the town of Milford to appropriate money to celebrate the centennial of said town :—

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened ,

SEC. 1. That the town of Milford in the County of Hillsborough is hereby authorized and empowered to raise, appropriate and expend a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars for the purpose of celebrating the centennial of said town.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

(Approved Feb. 16, 1893.)

An article was inserted in the warrant for the annual town meeting, held on Tuesday, March 14, 1893, as follows: "To see if the town will vote to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, and raise and appropriate money for the same."

The town voted to have a celebration, and chose as a committee to have charge of the arrangements, Messrs. J. W. Crosby, J. E. Foster, Eli S. Burns, E. C. Hutchinson, H. L. Bartlett, Geo. A. Worcester and Clarence J. Gutterson, and raised and appropriated the sum of five hundred dollars to defray the expense of the same.

(At a subsequent meeting the appropriation was increased to one thousand dollars, and W. F. French chosen a member of the committee, in place of H. L. Bartlett, who declined to serve.)

The committee met in the selectmen's room in the town house, on Saturday, March 25, 1893, and chose Col. John W. Crosby chairman, Geo. A. Worcester, secretary, and W. F. French treasurer. It was voted that the celebration be held during the week commencing June 17, 1894. (This date was later changed to the 26th.) Also voted that the Hon. C. H. Burns of Wilton be invited to deliver the oration.

COPY OF LETTER TO HON. C. H. BURNS.

MILFORD, N. H., MARCH 27, 1893.

HON. C. H. BURNS, Nashua, N. H.

Dear Sir: The Town of Milford, at its last annual meeting, voted to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, and chose a committee of seven to make all needed arrangements. That committee have organized with Col. J. W. Crosby as chairman, and myself as secretary.

The exact date of the event, coming in the winter (January 11), it was decided to have the celebration during the week commencing June 17, 1894.

The committee were unanimous in their vote to invite you to deliver an oration upon that occasion. If the date selected does not conform to your other engagements we will change it to any other you may select.

Trusting that you will give this matter your early consideration, I remain,

Very truly yours,

GEO. A. WORCESTER, Secretary.

COPY OF REPLY OF HON. C. H. BURNS.

NASHUA, N. H., MAR. 27, 1893.

To Geo. A. Worcester, Esq., Secretary, and the committee on the celebration the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation af the Town of Milford:

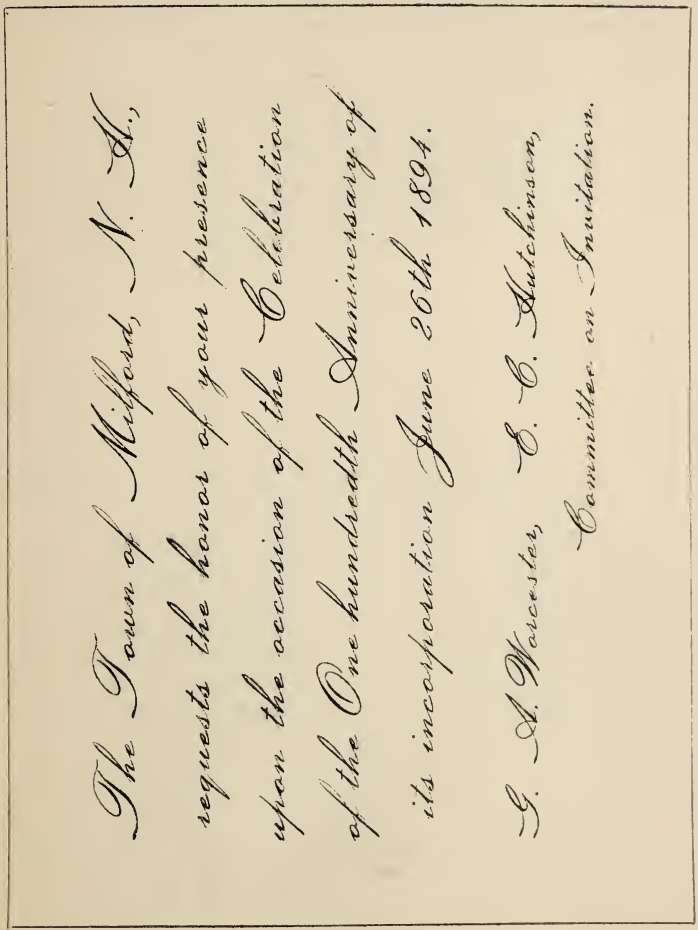
GENTS: I have received your invitation of the 27th inst., saying that you have unanimously voted to invite me to deliver the oration upon the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the town, and saying that you have fixed upon June 17th, 1894, for the celebration.

In reply, will say that I accept with great pleasure the invitation, and feel very much honored by it, and shall endeavor, Providence permitting, to deliver the address, and shall hope it will be worthy of the great occasion. The time fixed will be agreeable to me, and am specially pleased with the invitation at so early a date, as it will give me ample opportunity to prepare for it. I am with great respect,

Very truly yours,

CHAS. H. BURNS.

The following is a copy of the invitation sent to Milford's absent sons and daughters:



The Town of Milford, N. H.,
requests the honor of your presence
upon the occasion of the Celebration
of the One hundredth Anniversary of
its incorporation June 26th 1894.

G. A. Worcester, E. C. Hutchinson,
Committee on Invitation.

INVITATION TO AMHERST.

It was voted to invite the town of Amherst to participate in the exercises, and the following invitation was sent:

MILFORD, N. H., JUNE 27, '94.

The Town of Milford to her mother town of Amherst sendeth greeting:

WHEREAS, the town of Milford proposes to celebrate in a fitting manner the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, on June 26, 1894, therefore, we do most cordially invite you to be officially represented upon that occasion by such delegation as you may be pleased to send.

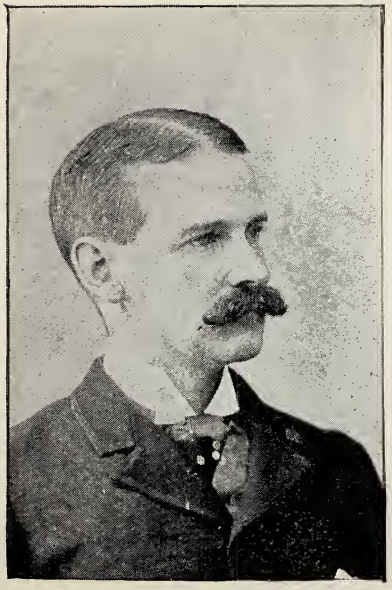
The Centennial Committee,

JOHN W. CROSBY,
Chairman.

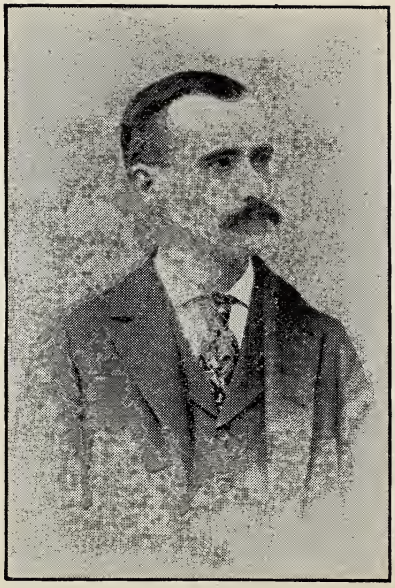
GEO. A. WORCESTER,
Secretary.

Amherst responded to this invitation by electing the following named gentlemen to represent her at these exercises:

EDWARD D. BOYLSTON,
JAMES F. WESTON,
GEO. E. FARLEY,
HORACE HARVELL,
ALFRED J. MCGOWN,
DANIEL A. FLETCHER,
ISAAC B. DODGE,
EDWIN K. BURTT,
WM. B. ROTCH,
GEO. W. BOSWORTH,
FRANK HARTSHORN,
GRANVILLE PARKER,
JAMES U. PRINCE,
EUGENE C. HUBBARD.



COL. F. E. KALEY, Chief Marshal.



F. B. BARTLETT, Chief of Staff.

Committees.

At meetings of the town committee held at subsequent dates, the following special committees were appointed:

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY,

Judge Robert M. Wallace.

CHIEF MARSHAL,

Col. F. E. Kaley.

RECEPTION.

John McLane, F. T. Sawyer, F. E. Kaley, J. E. Foster, C. E. Knight, J. W. Crosby, J. M. Burns, Wm. M. Knowlton, W. W. Howard, H. C. Buxton, C. H. V. Smith, M. F. Crosby.

INVITATIONS, PRINTING AND BADGES.

G. A. Worcester, E. C. Hutchinson.

BANQUET,

G. V. Tarlton, J. N. Stevens, W. W. Dodge, W. F. French, A. M. Wilson, Mrs. J. E. Webster, Mrs. J. A. Hill, Mrs. R. H. Pierce, Mrs. O. H. Foster.

GROUNDS AND TENT,

E. C. Hutchinson, G. A. Worcester.

PRESS,

W. B. Rotch, E. E. Hill, E. M. Stanyan, W. W. Hemenway.

PROGRAMME AND MUSIC.

F. W. Richardson, F. W. Farnsworth, C. S. Emerson, Mrs. J. McLane, Mrs. B. F. Foster.

DECORATIONS,

H. H. Barber, W. A. Guild, F. W. Sawyer, B. F. Foster, G. A. Worcester.

PROCESSION,

C. E. Kendall, B. R. Came, E. S. Heald, J. T. Young, A. W. Howison, H. A. Wilkins, W. R. Howard, G. W. Tarbell, E. C. Hutchinson, J. C. Merrill, F. B. Bartlett.

FIRE WORKS,

E. C. Hutchinson, J. McLane, G. A. Worcester.

BICYCLE PARADE AND RACE,

L. H. Hall, B. Mills, W. J. Elliott.

HISTORICAL LOAN AND ART COLLECTION.

Mrs. J. McLane, Mrs. J. A. Hill, Mrs. H. H. Barber, Mrs. J. E. Webster, Mrs. W. K. Emerson.

Sunday Evening Services.

According to the invitation of the centennial committee, the various ministers of the town prepared a program, and invited their people and all interested, to unite in the town hall, on Sunday evening, the 24th, for a union service, thus initiating in a very befitting manner, the centennial celebration of the week. The Rev. A. J. Rich acted as chairman, read the Scriptural selections, furnished the original hymn with which the service closed, and pronounced the benediction, which Rev. Joseph Manuel was prevented from doing by absence from town. Rev. F. L. Knapp led the people in a helpful prayer, and a chorus choir under the leadership of C. W. Edwards, rendered excellent music. Rev. H. P. Peck, having been chosen by his brethren as pastor of the oldest church on the soil, delivered an address on the "Past and Future Work of the Churches in Milford."

He began by expressing his satisfaction with the idea of beginning the celebration of the first hundred years of our history by a grateful recognition of the Invisible Hand, which has led us the way, and then proceeded to outline what he conceived to have been the special way in which each church has wrought, under this Divine Hand, for the development of the community. He held that the work of the First Congregational Church, whose first building, now Eagle hall, was erected on Union Square, at a cost of so much time and sacrifice by the original settlers, true to its history had been, not only to establish a free form of government, but also to ingrain into the early life of the town, the great Hebrew and Roman principle of justice and law. Its God had been stern and holy, in his chief aspect, hence his worshippers, with true Puritan heroism, sought to engraft these qualities, sometimes by force, upon church and state. Their great work was to lay foundations of law and order without which no country can enjoy permanent prosperity.

The Baptist Church, established in 1809, has a history older than Congregationalism, and has ever stood for the complete liberty of the individual under God, using the Bible as its only authority, and making

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

little of mere creeds, being thus democratic, not only in government, but in doctrine. This principle must thus have been wrought into the citizen life of Milford the most of the century, stimulating the sense of individual liberty.

The Methodist Church came into history, as every one knows, as a new and living breath of the spirit of God, re-animating the cold and lifeless church of England, and bringing a new impulse to the churches of America. This must have stimulated the religious feeling of Milford, and quickened it to new life.

The Catholic Church is the mother of us all, however much many of her children may have come to differ from her. She holds still, with all her imperial government and extended ritual, to a grand ideal of unity, and her influence has been, in the main, in the view of the speaker, in favor of law and order in this country. The present A. P. A. movement, whose purposes to keep all Roman Catholics out of every office within the gift of the people of this country, was emphatically condemned by the speaker, as both unjust and unwise, because our constitution grants equal rights to every citizen, without regard to the form of his religion, and unwise because it is the very way to bring on the religious war which the members of that organization claim to fear.

The Unitarian, or Liberal Church, grew for the most part, out of the narrowness of the Orthodox Church. It claimed wider views, both of the love of God, and the rights and possibilities of human nature. It has also given us a clearer insight into the human life of Jesus. By way of criticism and outlook into the future, the preacher held that the old idea of justice and law need to be supplemented by that of unmerited kindness and generosity, that the old individualism needed to be broadened into materialism, that the spiritual Divine illumination by the Holy Spirit needed also the enduring qualities of education and culture, that the Catholic ideas of unity and authority needed greater adjustment to our American ways and institutions, that the Liberal movement needed a deeper sense of the Divine within its rich thought of humanity, and that all needed a more tolerant appreciation of the fact that none held the whole of God's truth, while each had been elected to receive a portion of God's light and life. God's aim was not simply to bless them, but always for the ultimate salvation of the whole community! Let us cross then, gratefully and hopefully, the threshold of the new century, working and waiting together, until that one, true kingdom of God, which filled the vision of the ancient prophets be indeed come.

"When the war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled;
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

Centennial Poem.

God of our fathers, we
In soul and country free,
Would praise thy name;
From Thee our heritage,
Our century's bright page,
Our trust in each new age,
Unchanged the same.

Like to Jerusalem,
Mountains our borders hem,—
Symbol of strength;
Our valleys laugh with corn,
Beauty the hills adorn,
Health crowns each smiling morn,
And joy at length.

We thank Thee, for the past,
Since here our lot was cast
In this fair town;
For men of noble worth,
The church, the school, the hearth,
Religion's higher birth,
Our being's crown.

The coming century bless,
Our banner Holiness,
Our hope in Thee;
Guard us from every ill,
Thy truth in us fulfil,—
To know and do Thy will,
Our service be!

Hasten Thy kingdom's reign,
The gospel's sweet refrain,
The wide earth o'er;
When all at one shall be
In righteousness and Thee,
All sons of God most free,
Hence evermore!

A. Judson Rich.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.

The Day's Observance.

Tuesday, the 26th of June, the day appointed for the observance of the 100th anniversary of the settlement of the town, dawned fair and bright. It was a proud day for Milford. And as has been said:

"Those having in charge the observances, knew well when the grass was greenest, and the beautiful trees that adorn our streets were wont to put on their richest dress; when the birds sing their sweetest welcome, and the golden robin comes back from the sunny south to its cherished home in their branches, and they chose that month to call back and welcome, and to rejoice with the scattered sons and daughters of our good old town.

The response was hearty as the invitation was cordial, and the occasion was one of the commingling of kindred spirits, as when a long severed family once again gather about the "old hearth stone" and talk over and rejoice in the recollections of early scenes and associations the familiar places and faces inspire."

The public and private decorations on the occasion, which were profuse, were tastefully, and many of them elegantly arranged by Col. Beals of Boston, whose ability and skill in this direction are unsurpassed. The public buildings were arrayed in gay attire, with chaste and elegant adornment of a varied character.

It would be an almost endless undertaking to describe all of the decorations; it would be easier to give the list of houses not decorated. It is safe to say that 99 per cent. of the houses, except on the extreme outskirts, made some kind of a display. About all of the houses on the line of march were hidden behind flags, bunting, streamers, shields and other decorations, signifying the spirit of the dweller therein, and impressing visitors and strangers with the sincere welcome extended by an hospitable people.

The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the firing of an early morning salute by "Mollie Stark."

"Molly Stark" is one of four cannons captured by the intrepid Stark at the battle of Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777, and is of French make, and after its capture did valient service for the Americans. Two of its

mates are preserved in the Capitol of Vermont, and this one is the property of New Boston by right of conquest.

The first spectacle to be witnessed was the bicycle parade at 8 o'clock, which was participated in by nearly sixty riders, the procession being headed by Mills, Hall and Elliott. The wheels, many of them, were gaily decorated with flags and colored ribbons. The route was over the one pursued by the regular procession later in the day. The citizens along the line were greatly pleased with the finest parade of this nature that the town ever witnessed.

At 9 a. m. was the dedication of the Col. O. W. Lull Memorial Fountain, of which a complete account is given elsewhere.

While these exercises were taking place, a great concourse of people from the neighboring towns were filling the streets. The bands were giving open air concerts, and the trade procession was forming on the several streets, with the head resting on Railroad Square, awaiting the arrival of the special train which was to bring the Governor and his staff, and many other invited guests.

Decorations.

The town hall took precedence in the line of centennial decorations. The front was profusely covered with bunting, includings flags and streamers. Across the center was a semi-circular design with the inscription, "100 Anniversary of Milford." Over the front entrance was a large bronzed eagle, underneath of which, and surrounding both sides of the doorway, was a heavy draping of flags and shields. On the south side large flags were displayed in unique design, and in the centre of the building was a large canvas painting, representing a camp scene in soldier life, or as the artist might describe it, union and confederate soldiers after the surrender. Also a large inscription, "1794, 100 Anniversary of Milford, Greeting to All." Wide, red, white and blue bunting was festooned along the entire awning in front of the stores.

The Library building was bright with the national colors. In large gilt letters was the inscription, "Welcome to our Sons and Daughters. In front of Masonic hall windows, hung suspended a large canvas painting emblematic of the order. The interior of the hall was tastefully decked in red, white and blue, draped with lace about the stage and balconies. On the wall in rear of stage was the inscription, "Welcome Our Guests." Over the quarters of the fire department in the basement of the town hall annex, were numerous American flags enclosing a canvas painting of a fire scene, steamer, etc.

The Melzer block, next beyond the Library, exhibited a liberal decoration, in the center of which was a canvas painting of Union soldiers, entitled the "Rear Guard." Webster block, Avery's building and the National Bank were also dressed in the garb of national emblems.

DECORATIONS.

At Hamblett and Power's block, red, white and blue bunting was draped along the coving of the building its entire length. In front of G. A. R. Hall appeared national colors, and large canvas painting, representing "Sheridan's ride to Winchester," also numerous army corps badges, and W. R. C. badge. In front of O. U. A. M. hall were flags and a large portrait of George Washington, underneath of which appeared the motto, "God and Our Native Land." Bunting was also festooned along the awning.

The livery building of Frank Ordway, the armory of Co. D., and Kenney's building were radiant with flags and bunting in appropriate form.

The Howison House on the evenings of the 25th and 26th, was brilliant with colored electric lights across the building just above the first and second story windows. In the day time the house was ablaze with bunting and the national colors. There was also displayed a canvas painting.

The awning in front of Wadleigh block was uniquely draped in red, white and blue in a pleasing design. The block belonging to the same estate on South street, was finely decorated with American flags, prominent in view was a large canvas painting of George Washington. Wallace block on corner of Square and South street, was heavily draped with bunting. On the front surrounded by flags and streamers was a canvas painting representing the "Goddess of Liberty." There were also several emblems of the I. O. O. F. in view. Ryan's livery was appropriately decked with American flags.

The oval, so recently reconstructed, and which is an object of traditional interest, presented a fine appearance, being profusely decked with the flags of all nations.

The post-office manufactory of John McLane on Nashua street, was covered with American flags; on one point of the building was a canvas painting representing the "Battle of Gettysburg," on the other was a representation of the conflict between the "Monitor and Merrimac." The Ganey building on Middle street, occupied by the Standard Clothing company, was duly trimmed with the national colors.

The Catholic Church on Amherst street, bore unmistakable marks of patriotism in the anniversary celebration. Its imposing front was richly decked with American flags and streamers, in the centre of which, standing out prominently, was a fine portrait of the Father of Our Country—George Washington.

Connected with the decoration of the Shaw house, corner of Union and Cottage streets, there appeared dates and names of considerable historic interest.

The residence of Mrs. Wm. Wallace was prettily attired in decorative design, with American flags and streamers, as were also the houses of Dr. Hutchinson and E. C. Batchelder. B. F. Foster's block was draped with flags, and red, white and blue bunting was tastefully festooned above the first and second story. Chase's market and Boutelle's harness shop were also trimmed.

Holland's block and Saving's bank building were neatly trimmed with national colors. In front of the latter was the inscription "Welcome," over the entrance. The Ladies' Exchange was prettily noticed with red, white and blue flags and streamers. Eagle Hall building, one of the oldest landmarks in the town, was appropriately attired in the national colors, and bore the inscription, "We greet you all." Foster's block was bright with the national colors, enclosing the motto, "Washington, Father of Our Country." Shannaban's building bore a handsome design of flags and streamers appended from a gilt eagle, with colors skirting the edge of the awning.

The tenement house on South street, besides a heavy display of bunting, bore a long painting representing Washington crossing the Delaware. Emerson & Son's building was neatly draped with the national colors.

The store of C. E. Kendall & Co., proprietors of the old mill store, was fully alive to the sentiment of the occasion, and the front of the building was spread with stars and stripes in tasteful arrangement.

The office of publication of the *Farmer's Cabinet* reflected its loyalty to the interests of the nation, state, and the welfare of humanity, by draping its street front with the emblems of our national unity.

Along the line of the procession, and at other points, private residences were decorated with American flags, and red, white and blue bunting.

In truth, the whole town was in a blaze of red, white and blue, everyone decorating their buildings to a greater or less extent. The spirit was universal.

The Procession.

At an early hour the several formations that were to constitute a prominent feature in our centennial celebration, assembled at their respective points. The headquarters of the Chief Marshal, Col. F. E. Kaley, accompanied by his efficient corps of aids, was established at Railroad Square.. Promptly at the hour the word "forward" came from the chief, and immediately the column proceeded on its way, amid the cheering strains of martial music, waving of flags and banners, and the applause of the multitude, forming one of the most imposing pageants ever witnessed in the enterprising and patriotic old town of Milford. The divisions were formed substantially as follows:

DIVISION NO. 1.

Chief Marshal, Col. F. E. Kaley.
Chief of Staff, F. B. Bartlett,
Aids: H. F. Warren, Chas. Came, W. A. Guild, F. W. Chase, W. J. Prince. Gen. C. W. Stevens, F. W. Sawyer, W. D. Sargent, S. A. Gutterson. Geo. Smith and Frank Jewett.
Second Regiment Band of Nashua, 30 pieces. (W. A. Cummings, director.)

DECORATIONS ON H. H. BARBER'S RESIDENCE.

Co. D, N. H. N. G.
Lafayette Artillery.
Milford Fire Department.
Guests in carriages.
Governor and Staff, President of the Day, etc.

The following composed the mercantile department, manufactures, trades' and agricultural display in the procession, which is universally pronounced to be the grandest demonstration of the kind ever conceived and carried out in a town of this size. It is evidence of the thrifty and progressive enterprise of our people, and promises well for the commencement of the second century:

Division No. 2.

Milford Cornet Band.
H. H. Barber, float, 50 rolls of carpeting, Banner—"Dry Goods, Millinery, etc."
E. C. Batchelder, dry goods team.
Mrs. A. J. Burns, covered carriage, millinery scene.
Ladies' Exchange, team with very unique equippage.
J. M. Laws, carriage artistically trimmed with specimens of the shoe trade, and occupied by daughter Helen and Willie Youmans.
H. F. Warren, team driven by young lady.
W. F. French, druggist, team bearing huge druggist's mortar.
Standard Clothing Co., float containing sewing machine and also printing press in operation.
Boutelle, harnessmaker, large float, profuse display; E. Allbee, club swinging, in performance.
Farm wagon, driven by H. H. Sanderson.
D. T. Buttrick, agricultural tools, 3 teams.
C. E. Kendall & Co., agricultural tools, 2 teams.
B. F. Foster, undertaker, 2 teams.
Kenney & Foster, real estate, carriage.
W. R. Putnam, one team, harness exhibit.
E. M. Parker, express display, 1 team.
Ed. Shannessey, wheelwright establishment, the proprietor working at his trade, 1 team.
J. E. Bruce, grocery wagon, driven by John Bruce, 1 team.
Hutchinson & Averill, 2 grocery teams representing trade, driven by Geo. M. Center and Fred Winters, 1 team occupied by firm.
Stowell, grocery team, trade song by young ladies.
Thomas Holland, grocery team, driven by Eugene Dutton.
N. W. Robinson, Milford's veteran meat dealer, 2 meat carts decorated with red, white and blue.
Holt Bros., 3 meat carts, and wagon loaded with fruit.
W. I. Chase, market team.
Milford Fish market, 2 teams.
Leland Kenney, painter's team and ladder wagon.
Brahaney & Broderick, carriage and ornamental painting, 1 covered carriage.
F. W. Farnsworth, stationer, float—boat filled with little girls.
John Stevens, restaurant team.
Emerson & Son, covered float with parlor furniture exhibit.

Division No. 3.

Wilton Band, Lyndeboro' Artillery company, 30 men, and piece of artillery.
John McLane, float, postoffice outfit.
French & Heald, 3 floats, one with display of chefforniers, with placard, "Our line for 1894; one with sideboards, placarded "Our latest;" one with packages of furniture.
Hillsboro' Mills, float with woolen blankets.
Morse & Kaley, float with display of colored cotton yarn.

Bartlett & Son, float with exhibit of hosiery.
Wilkins Bros., float loaded with paper boxes.
A. J. Foster, team covered with specimens of morocco manufacture.
C. Childs, team, exhibit of baskets.
W. E. Pierce, wooden ware, 1 team.
Frank Hartshorn, 2 teams, lumber.
A. W. Howison, 1 team, lumber.
B. R. Came, 2 teams, coal.
Merrill Bros., 10 teams, representing their coal, wood, and ice business.
W. N. Ware, team representing saw mill industry.

Division No. 4.

This division exhibited the agricultural interests of our town, and was one of the most unique and extensive in the procession. The fact was plainly evident that much skill and originality of design had been expended in the construction of the vehicles representing the oldest and most substantial vocation of our people during the hundred years of the town's existence. The exhibit was chiefly as follows:

Four large floats, each one displaying in some form the products of the farm. One of the number representing spring, summer, autumn and winter, and all of them contained a number of young Misses appropriately attired.

Jenkins, poultry team.
W. H. Tarbell, three seated team, neatly trimmed.
W. H. Cleaves, milk wagon.
W. H. Kendall, Geo. Raymond and others, 8 teams.
W. R. Fitch, poultry team.
Alonzo Howard, hay wagon.
F. C. Boutelle, fruit dealer, donkey cart.

A portion of this display was under the auspices of the Grangers. A pleasing feature of this division was the appearance of the following young ladies, neatly attired, on horseback: Sadie French, Louise Anderson, Roselle Hutchinson, Maud Taggart, and Jesse Hutchinson.

Division No. 5.

Mechanics Cornet Band.

This division was made up almost entirely of heavy teams, representing the granite interest, now one of the most promising and extensive in our midst.

C. W. Stevens, 2 teams; E. G. Kittredge, 1 team; C. W. Carkin, 1 team; D. L. Daniels & Co., 1 team; J. R. Thompson, 1 team; Young & Co., 1 team; Milford Granite Co., 1 team.

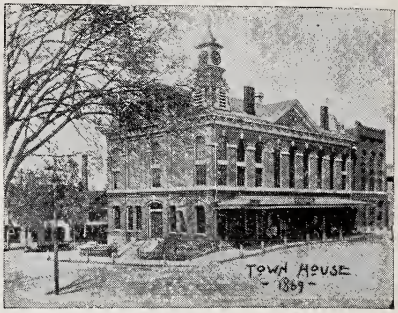
These teams were nearly all drawn by four horses, and contained specimens of rough and finished work. They attracted universal attention.

The procession was nearly forty minutes in passing a given point, and was pronounced one of the finest civic processions ever witnessed in the State. It was thoroughly illustrative of Milford's enterprise and resources.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the procession marched down Union Street to Union Square, through Union Square to Nashua Street, Nashua to Clinton, Clinton to South, South to Lincoln, Lincoln to Union, Union to Garden, Garden to Cottage, Cottage to Elm, Elm to Union Square, through Union Square to Amherst, Amherst to Souhegan, Souhegan to Pleasant, Pleasant to Orchard, Orchard to Chestnut, Chestnut to Amherst, Amherst to Grove, Grove to Union Square.

Upon the completion of the parade it was reviewed by the Governor and his Staff and invited guests, assembled on the Town Hall steps.

1794



1894

Milford, N. H. Centennial Celebration,

June 26, 1894.

Menu.

COLD MEATS.

New Hampshire Turkey,

Roast Beef,

Sugar Cured Ham.

Lobster Salad.

Radishes.

Hot Baked Beans.

Hot Rolls. Cold Bread. Brown Bread.

PASTRY.

Mince Pie. Lemon Pie. Frosted Custard Pie.

Bride's Cake. Chocolate Layer Cake. Orange Cake.

Strawberry Cake.

Vanilla Ice Cream. Frozen Pudding.

Coffee. Tea. Milk.

Oranges. Bananas.

Stevens, Caterer.

The Lafayette Artillery Company of Lyndeborough, that appeared in the parade is the fourth oldest company in the country, having been formed in 1804, and has maintained its organization ever since.

After the review of the procession the Milford Fire Department gave an exhibition upon Union Square, attracting much favorable comment by their efficiency and promptness.

Dinner was served in a huge tent erected at Endicott Park, by Caterer John Stevens, at 50 cents per plate. The following bill of fare was served:

Cold Turkey. Ham. Beef.

Hot Baked Beans. Brown Bread.

Hot Rolls.

Pies and Cake. Hot Coffee.

Dinner for two hundred invited guests was served at the Banquet Hall of the Town House, and was in charge of Masseck, caterer from Nashua. The blessing was pronounced by the Rev. Joseph Foster.

Sports.

While a large gathering was assembled in the Town Hall to listen to the literary exercises there, others gathered at the Park to witness the base ball contest between the Milfords and the Matthews of Lowell.

It was one of the largest gatherings ever assembled at the Park that witnessed the base ball game. It was a close contest, and resulted in the defeat in the Lowell visitors in a score of 8 to 7. The following shows the make up and score of the clubs:

MILFORDS.	MATTHEWS.
Mullen, 3b.	Mahoney, 3b.
T. Young, ss.	Gallagher, lf.
Hinds, lf.	Thornton, 1b.
Manning, c.	McGuirk, 2b.
J. Howison, 2b.	Flynn, c.
Roach, 1b.	McGuane, ss.
B. Young, cf.	Vaughn, cf.
Nolan, rf.	Kelly, rf.
Sutter, p.	Havlin, p.
Pond, (sub.).	

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Tot'l
Milfords - -	2	0	0	0	3	3	0	*	*	— 8
Matthews -	3	0	0	1	1	0	2	*	*	— 7

At 2:20 o'clock the bicycle race took place, the following named riders having entreed the contest:

Benton Mills,	W. J. Elliott,
A. R. Webster,	C. A. McLane,
C. F. Isola,	Perley Martin,
Edw. Crowell,	J. T. Gautier,
L. A. Hutchinson,	L. H. Hall,

A. W. Blanchard.

The point of starting was in front of Town house, over a seven mile course, up one side of the river and down the other, finishing in front of Bartlett's store. First prize, a $25 medal, won by Benton Mills, time 25 minutes and 30 and 3-5 secoonds; second prize, $10 bicycle lantern, Arthur R. Webster; third prize, cyclometer, C. F. Isola.

TOWN HOUSE AND LIBRARY BUILDING.

EXERCISES AT THE HALL.

COL. J. W. CROSBY.

Col. J. W. Crosby, Chairman of the Town Committee, called the meeting to order, and spoke as follows:

Ladies, Friends, and Fellow Citizens:

We are glad to greet you on this day of days, for dear old Milford, and have you with us to participate in our festivities on this, to us, joyful occasion, and one hundredth anniversary. The matter of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of our incorporation as a town was talked up in town meeting in the year 1892. It was then decided that we celebrate the centennial in 1894. And our Senators and Representatives elect to the Legislature of 1893, were instructed to have passed an Enabling Act by which the town could appropriate money to celebrate its centennial. At the tow meeting in March, 1893, a committee was appointed to arrange for an appropriation of our one hundredth anniversarsary. And they have worked early and late, with the cordial assistance of the town's people generally, to make it a success. Whether they have done so or not, we leave you to judge. To those who have gone from our borders, and all others, I would say that we who have one of the smartest, prettiest little towns in all creation, and strive by making improvements every year, te make it in all respects "the banner town" of the old "Granite State. But my weakness admonishes me that I must not talk at this time. Therefore, we will proceed with the order of exercises at once. Please give your attention to an invocation by a native of Milford, Rev. Joseph C. Foster, D.D.:

PRAYER BY REV. JOSEPH C. FOSTER.

O Lord, our God,—our God,—our father's God! we would acknowledge Thee in all our ways, so that our paths may be wisely and safely directed. Thou hast manifested Thyself to us in kindness and love, through the various ways in which Thou hast led us individually and collectively. We may confidently look to Thee as the God of nations,

states and towns, as well as of individuals. Humbly and devoutedly would we thank Thee for what Thou hast been to us as a nation, over the destinies of which Thou hast graciously presided; and as a town, in all the history of which Thy guiding and helping hand has been sure. We thank Thee for the auspicious beginning of this town, and for its helpful progress, from year to year, till a full century has ended since it came into worthy existence. Thou hast been known in all the periods of the history which are reviewed with thankfulness and joyfulness to-day. Early was Thy name honored and Thy worship established here. Never has there failed to be the recognition of Thy supremacy afforded by a House of God, in which the inhabitants of the town might assemble as the worshippers of Him from whom all blessings come. Even has Thy wisdom and goodness been seen in the inestimable provision Thou hast made, that with religious privileges educational advantages might be enjoyed. For the churches and the schools we would give Thee thanks. Unto Thee we would ascribe honor, and render praise for the virtue and intelligence, the piety and learning that have been developed in all the years embraced in the centennial period now commemorated. To these advantages and consequent blessings we reverently trace, through Thy good providence, the worthy citizenship with which the town has been favored, and the substantial prosperty which has prevailed from generation to generation, making the town honorable and commendable in its record, attractive and delightful for residence, and of pleasant memory as a cherished native place.

As Thou hast been favorable unto the dwellers here in all the hundred years that are past, so wilt contine to prosper and bless in all the affairs of the town, making the future better than the past to all that pertains to true prosperity and honorably successful endeavor. Let the best interests of the people be ensured; let adversity and calamity be averted; let industry and sobriety, temperance and morality, intelligence and religions have enlarged and ever enlarging development. May happy homes henceforth, be more and more numerous, and all classes and conditions of the inhabitants be virtuous and intelligent, moral and religious. And may this commemorative occasion be the beginning of the brightest and best period in the history of the town, hitherto, and may the next hundred years be crowned with the richest blessings of Thy kind providence and Thine abounding grace. These offerings of thanksgiving and supplication we now devoutly make in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

JUDGE R. M. WALLACE.

Col. Crosby:—I now have the honor and great pleasure of presenting to you as President of the Day, our highly esteemed citizens, Judge Robert M. Wallace:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

One hundred years ago the good old town of Milford began its existence, and we have met to-day to celebrate the centennial anniver-

JUDGE ROBERT M. WALLACE,
President of the Day.

sary of that important event, and to awaken in our minds the memories and inspirations of the past.

To those of the sons and daughters of Milford who do not now reside here, but who in obedience to the ties of birth, or former residence, have returned to show your interest in and loyalty to the town, by participating in the exercises of this day, I bid you in the name of the town and people of Milford, a most hearty and cordial welcome.

Your presence here in such numbers on this occasion gives us the greatest pleasure, and we trust you will find this day spent in revisiting and recalling old and familiar scenes in this beautiful Souhegan valley, and in reviving and renewing old associations and friendships, both a pleasant and profitable one.

It is a beautiful and instructive custom to properly commemorate an important event in the life of an individual, or in the history of a community. The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of a town which recalls and keeps alive the memories of the labors and sacrifices of the fathers in founding a representative New England town like Milford, is an event which their descendants, who are in the slightest degree worthy to succeed them, will never suffer to pass unnoticed or unobserved, but will gratefully and loyally commemorate.

Nowhere does the town hold so important a place in the affairs of the community as in New England. The town system not only furnishes to the people of New England, the most perfect form of free government in local affairs, but its influence in educating and training the people in the truest and highest ideas of democracy, and implanting in their minds those fundamental principles which are essential to any form of a Republican government, is without a parallel anywhere else. And from this town system in its relation to the State, supreme in the control of local affairs, yet subordinate in state affairs, sprang the very idea upon which the republic was founded which, while allowing to the several states, supreme control in national affairs. Thus was discovered that great principle which liberty loving people in all ages of the world sought for in vain which makes possible at the same time individual freedom and home rule in local affairs, and a strong, central, national government to preserve itself from internal strife and foreign aggression. The first settlers of this town, both before and after its incorporation, endured great hardships and privations. It is difficult for us at this time to thoroughly realize the discomforts, difficulties and dangers of going into a wilderness, beset with savages and wild beasts, clearing and reclaiming the land, building houses, making roads, and instituting a minature state, for such was the original New Hampshire town. Yet that is what the original settlers of Milford did, first, as inhabitants of the town of Dunstable in 1738, next of Monson, then of Amherst, and finally one hundred years ago feeling themselves too strong to remain longer in leading strings, formed themselves into a separate town and secured the incorporation of Milford, in 1794. Strong character is only developed and produced by correspondingly great trials and difficulties. No hardy race was ever nourished in

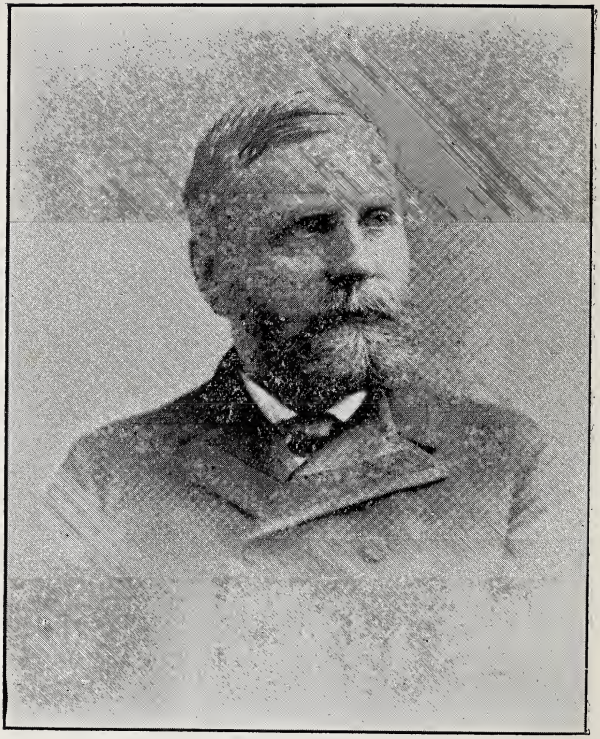
the lap of luxury and ease. The privations and trials of these original proprietors of the town produced a strong and vigorous people. They recognized no difficulties except as something to be overcome, and they left the impress of their character upon their descendants and upon the people of this town, which inspired the people of New England in 1775 and many of them, were at the battle of Bunker Hill, under the command of that brave old patriot Capt. Josiah Crosby of this place. The people of that town were imbued with the spirit of independence, they were also actuated by a strong religious sentiment. They were deeply impressed, not only with the importance, but with the imperative necessity of education for the highest development of the individual and of the community.

This town in the first century of its existence has been what we should have a right to expect it would be, from a town thus founded and established. The religious characteristics and development have always been an important feature from the days of the practical teachings of that vigorous Christian, Rev. Mr. Moore, the first settled minister of the town, to the present time, and something that had to be recognized and taken into account in the settlement of any important question in the community. The numerous strong religious societies in this town, with their large membership and handsome churches, show that this sentiment still exists.

This town has always ranked high in educational lines, her public schools being among the best. Her school houses have been a credit to the town, and the new school house about to be built, attests the fact that the spirit that has controlled the town in the past, in educational matters, still anmates her people. The large and well selected library in its convenient and commodious quarters, not presented to the town by some rich man, but which the town provided for itself, speaks well for the culture of the people.

That spirit of freedom which actuated the fathers of the town, in the early days, has shown itself in a marked degree, in the agitation and earnest effort which many of the best people made in the anti-slavery controversy. It was then that the Hutchinson Family did so much for the cause by their songs, and sang themselves into national fame. Later still, the same spirit manifested itself when in the war of the Rebellion, the town sent her noblest and bravest sons to the aid of the country in the hour of its peril. Their sacrifices and achievements in that struggle make a glorious record, honorable alike to themselves and the town.

This community has been one of the foremost in the state in the cause of temperance. When the town was first established it was then thought proper for all, from the minister down, to drink, and that all important events, like trainings or raisings, could not be successfully carried on, except under the inspiration to be derived from frequent potations of New England rum. But since the temperance question was recognized in this country as one of the great moral questions, Milford was not only quick to recognize the incalculable evils of intemperance to



GOV. JOHN B. SMITH.

the individual and the community, but was equally prompt to do all in her power to remedy this evil.

Milford has been, and is, one of the most progressive towns in the state, and her influence has been, and is felt in the state for good. Her business interests have prospered. No need to look for abandoned farms in this fertile valley where the agricultural interests are so well looked after by progressive farmers. Our growing manufacturing interests, and our splendid granite quarries develop and add to the growth of the town. Our enterprising merchants minister so well to the wants of this and surrounding communities, that they add to the wealth and importance of the town.

Our large and fine public buildings, our water works, sewers and electric lights, are evidences of the general prosperity.

But after all the best product of the town is the many noble men and women it has given to the world, whose lives of usefulness and honor within the town, or wherever they may have wandered, have directly and indirectly made the town what it has been and is, and have added lustre to the pages of its history.

It was for the founders of this town, and those who succeeded them in the first century of her existence thus to build, so that we to-day contemplating their work are proud of it, and have a right to be. It is ours to carry on and maintain this work thus splendidly begun, to keep the noble heritage they have bequeathed us free from crime, irreligion, intemperance or any taint, and those tendencies to socialism and anarchy which threaten us to-day.

And I close with this thought; may we, and those who come after us in this second century of the existence of the town of Milford, so well perform their duty in this respect, that when the circling years shall have finally brought the second centennial of this town, our descendants shall then gratefully commemorate the deeds of the second century of the town as well as of the first.

GOVERNOR JOHN B. SMITH.

President Wallace:—To-day is the birthday of the Town of Milford, and many of the distinguished men of the State have come to pay their respects to her and do her honor. Among them is one whom the loyal people of the town will especially delight to welcome, His Excellency, John B. Smith, Governor of the State, who will present the compliments of the State of New Hampshire to the Town of Milford on this occasion.

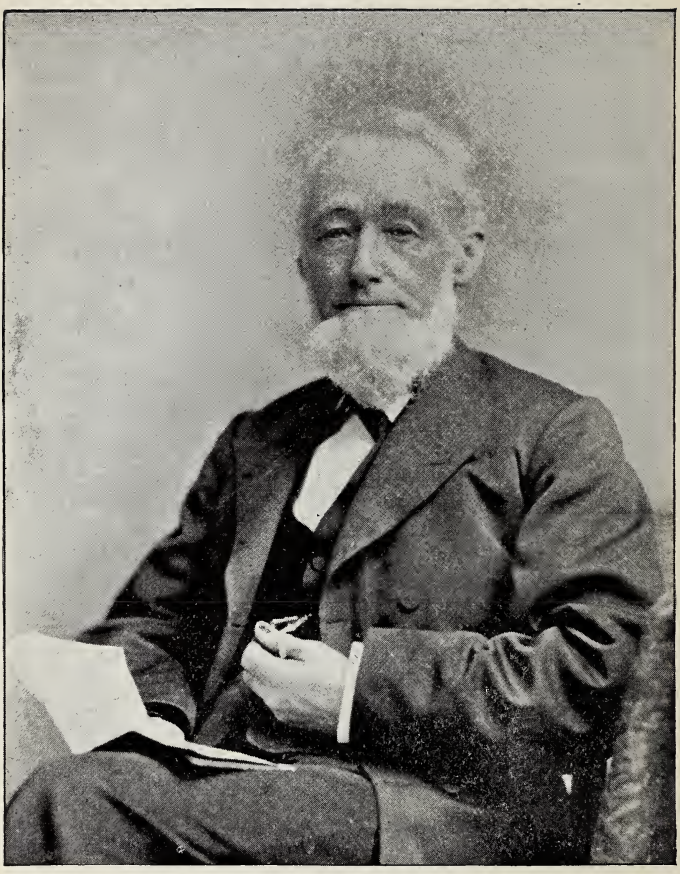
Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens of Milford:

I esteem it a great pleasure as well as privilege to be present on this interesting occasion, and join with you in the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of your town. I shall not enter into the history of the town in detail. I shall leave that to others, to those who have made special study of the different features of its

settlement and its history. I shall content myself with only a brief generalization and some words of congratulation. You are to be congratulated, certainly, in having such unanimity of purpose from the beginning of this worthy enterprise; such competent and painstaking committees whose work of preparation in every detail has been so enthusiastically undertaken and so well done. All your people seem to have entered earnestly into the work, and in such a manner as to make the occasion what it is, — a perfect success, reflecting credit upon a town always noted for its intelligence and spirit of enterprise, — for its push and energy.

The glory of New England is not its great cities, although they are important factors in its social and natural development. But its glory is its rural towns and villages, for in them is developed the best and truest type of our boasted civilization. Great cities are often politically and socially corrupt. The country towns are the conservators of what is best in our institutions. They represent the purest Americanism, and best preserve the character and traditions, the faith and principles of the fathers and founders of the Republic. Their healthy conservatism, intelligence and moral worth, must ever constitute our chief safe guard, and are the sheet anchor of our free institutions. We annually receive hundreds of thousands of emigrants from other lands. The thrifty and honest, from whatever land they come, of whatever race or creed, we welcome; but whether we welcome them or not, they will come (unless some wholesome immigration legislation shall interpose, and may it not be long delayed), and they come with ideas and principles and customs as foreign as themselves. Much of this infusion tends to vitiate our political blood and to corrupt our morals, and overturn our social conditions and customs. It is too much the habit of our immigrants to tarry in the great cities, adding to the sum of corruption and ignorance, and aggravating the already too prevalent political disease.

The continual healthy flow of rural blood into these cities will prove the only antidote and counteracting influence. To the country then we must look for the solution of our social and political problems. The influences that reach out from our country towns with their simple virtues and sevant morals, are really the basis of our hopes; but for these we might well despair. Such a typical model New England and New Hampshire town is Milford. I have already paid tribute to the moral worth, intelligence and enterprise of its people. Here, religious, educational, and charitable institutions are, and have ever been liberally sustained. Sobriety and virtue have been characteristic of your people. Here business enterprises have flourished and successful industrial establishments have furnished remunerative employment; and where none need be, few have been disposed to be idle. Labor here has always been honorable and respected, because it is self-respecting and unusually intelligent. As a consequence very little antagonism between labor and capital is found here and strikes are unknown. The intelligent working man appreciates the advantage of well managed and well directed capi-



DEA. E. D. BOYLSTON.

tal, and the humane and liberal employer respects and honors his employees as helpers and co-workers.

This town has been noted for its loyalty and patriotism as we might well expect of such a people. A hundred years measures the age of your town as a public corporation, but it does not measure the history of this community. The territory now known as Milford township was taken from older corporate towns, and was settled for half a century previous to the beginning of your own distinctive town life. From this settlement undoubtedly went forth some of its young men to the French and Indian wars—and later went forth sturdy bands of patriots to the war of the American revolution. To the call for volunteers in the war of the rebellion, Milford made prompt and continual response. Her sons distinguished themselves in that great struggle, and among the many brave soldiers who are remembered today with the gratitude of their countrymen, none was braver than Col. Lull of your own town. Other names of your brave sons might be added, who counted not their lives dear that they might lay them on the altar of their country. The cause of human liberty and the equal rights of all men, whether black or white, was early espoused in Milford, and who shall say the sweet songs of the Hutchinson's were any less potent in the great anti-slavery crusade than the eloquence of Phillips, or the pen of Garrison. Total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors found early champions here who practiced what they preached, and the character of your town is still unchanged on these great questions, and it stands to-day amongst New Hampshire communities in the fore front of progress and true reform. Your town is well located in the heart of the most prosperous section of the State. It has enjoyed good railroad facilities, which are soon to be considerably enlarged. You have much to be thankful for, much to be proud of, and great reason to be hopeful of the future. You are destined to increase in numbers and mutual wealth, and a consequent extension and widening of that influence for moulding the destiny of our state and of the country, which has ever been, and we trust always will be, wholesome and helpful.

DEA. EDWARD D. BOYLSTON.

President Wallace:—Once Milford was a part of the Town of Amherst, is the child of Amherst. The parent town after carefully rearing and training her, when she reached her majority one hundred years ago, allowed her to set up for herself, with the blessing of the parent town. We have with us to-day, Dea. E. D. Boylston of Amherst, who will now give us the congratulations of that town on the credit Milford has done to her training in her first century.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

By the appointment and request of the authorities of the mother town, and approval of her special delegation, it affords me profound pleasure to extend the cordial and most hearty greetings of old Amherst,

to the thrifty, well-to-do and honored second daughter, on this the one hundredth anniversary of the occasion of this relation.

In doing so I am reminded of an incident in our early local history of the couplet of a lad (who after became an Amherst lawyer), that with antipodal play upon its formative word, may be aptly here reproduced: —

"You'd scarce expect one of my AGE
To speak in public on the stage."

But these congratulations may not be the less acceptable, coming, as they do, from one who knows, by personal contact, of what he speaks. For fourscore years I have been, as it were, among you, and for threescore journalized for a large proportion of your families — known your every clergy and professional man, advertised your almost every merchant and mechanic, and social and business change; and when I speak congratulatory of your progress and weal, "speak what I know, and testify of what I have seen."

Few towns have been more highly favored in all these relations than Milford, until to-day the daughter stands "head and ears" above the mother, on high vantage ground, and observes her first centennial in a glow of ascendancy, pride of circumstance, and richness of perspective, that makes it a delightful duty to bring to you these maternal congratulations.

One hundred years ago Amherst knew, as you to-day, the pride of position and ascendency—the third or fourth town in the State, commercially, and the first in the County, with all its courts and public offices, and even a session of the State Legislature, which only four other towns have known; while Milford, in swaddling clothes, took on a name indicating that she had no bridge whereon to pass her waters.

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutimur, in illis.

"The times are changed, and we are changed with them."

Our 1,600 inhabitants have become 1,000, your 1,000 more than 3,000. Our courts and courtiers have all left us; our trade turns to your doors, and passes your elegant bridge; and our pleasure seekers seek their pleasure in your park and of your band. But for a score of years, in musical reciprocity we have not been wholly lacking I know, it having cost my personal team more than 2,000 trips, and 10,000 miles travel.

"God is judge; he setteth up one, and putteth down another." With the Divine allotments it becometh all to acquiesce, and we cheerfully do so to-day, bidding you God-speed in your progressive, upward career.

Most prominent in our congratulations truth and duty compel us to place your *noble progenitors*. If you have aught that calls for profound congratulation it is beneath your soil, and deserving of its richest granite! the noble fathers and mothers sleeping in your tombs — at the very mention of whom every bosom must swell with a grateful, holy pride. Hundreds of these as my patrons and warm friends are before me to-day with a warm recall, whom to name would be to praise — the privilege of others. They constitute your noblost inheritance, as underlying and

enduring, and thousand-fold more worthy and ennobling than the granite you so cherish, of them so beautifully emblematic.

We congratulate you upon your forth-coming beautiful Town History, and that you have such proud history to record, and such worthy and indefatigable men to record it. They deserve your warmest regard.

We heartily congratulate you upon the high political standing that gives you to-day two candidates for our State Governorship, and both so popular that all wish that both might be elected, and all expectant that one or the other will be; and one returns to you to-day around whom the honors of the old Bay State splash and beat as its waves about its breakers; —while

> Each, with pride of a Briton, turns
> To-day, to welcome your WALLACE and BURNS.

We congratulate you upon your progressive architecture, public and private; your elegant Town House; your Monumental Library; your fine school buildings and their products, and the coming "Endicott"; your Lull Monument of to-day; your well appointed and filled Churches, your highest hope; your live, well-advertised commercial men; your thriving and varied industries, so widely known; your water-works, a monument to your prudence and hygienic care; your military spirit, past and present; your excellent fire appointments and musical bestowments; your venerable Press, which fourscore years so well served us — may its shadow never be less; your underlying granite foundation, and increasing facilities for its working; and last, though far from least, the cheerful lighting of your homes and ways. May the day not be distant when the mother shall literally and rejoicingly walk in the daughter's light.

Amherst-decadence would form an afternoon's topic, — but avaunt except its maternal lesson: Hold fast, dear daughter, to your every live and sterling business man. Fifty of the bright, wealthy, enterprising men who have made Nashua what it is, were the gift of Amherst; and her new, proudest church stands one-half upon an Amherst financial basis! Blessed they who have to give!

Amherst glories in her past, and that she is yet able to do something for her neighbors and the world.

> What here shall be, who, who can tell,
> As dawns your next Centennial?
> The bursting acorn of to-day,
> Shall be the oak in sad decay.
> Not one, not one of all this throng
> Shall to its celebrants belong.
> Perhaps here city, proud and great,
> Exceeding all within the State;
> With Courts, Cathedrals, and renown;
> Reaching out afar o'er Amherst town,
> And sweeping north, and claiming e'en
> The "Prospect" where "The Grand" is seen;
> All again one, and proudly one,
> As ere the past century was begun;
> With cars borne on electric wings!
> And thousand other stranger things;
> While Hub conductors "all aboard" cry
> "FOR MONT-AMHERST-FORD, whither we fly!"
> The vision's great!—but may it not wait,
> And former union reinstate.

HON. CHARLES H. BURNS.

President Wallace:—The Town of Milford is fortunate in having a favorite and distinguished son, descended from two of its oldest and most noted families, who needs no introduction to the people of this town, New Hampshire's most gifted orator, Hon. Charles H. Burns, who will now deliver our centennial oration.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The subject uppermost in our minds to-day is Milford, the spot of earth where we were born. This multitude, gathered from all parts of our common country, attest the loyalty of her sons and daughters. Hither we have come to witness the opening of her century plant, which buds and blossoms only once in a hundred years. Hither we have brought our children, and children's children, that they may see this land, from whose soil their ancestors sprung, and hear the story of that stalwart race, which helped overthrow dynasties, and lay the foundation of a prosperous town, a glorious state, and a mighty nation. With conscious pride we point to the character of the men and women who first planted the standards of civilization in this fair and fertile valley. With unrestrained emotion we recount the achievements of their descendants, our fathers and mothers, in establishing beautiful homes, in the formation of strong and rugged character, and in the promotion of great causes, that have done so much for the human race. With veneration and reverence, with the warmth of earnest hearts of loving children, we salute our venerable mother, and her spotless and noble record.

In the history of an enterprising town like Milford, which is a century old, the story of much of our national life can be learned. In its growth is typified the advance of the nation. In its mirror of life the struggles, the varying fortunes, the triumphs and trials of the people are reflected. A distinguished historian has observed that the best way to learn English history is "to set a man in the streets of a simple English town, and to bid him to work out the history of the men who have lived and died there. The mill by the stream, the tolls in the market-places, the brasses of its burghers in the church, the names of its streets, the lingering memory of its guilds, the mace of its mayor, tell us more of the past of England than the spire of Sarem or the martyrdom of Canterbury."

If we would learn the story of liberty, and of the progress of humanity in the new world we must enter, as in the old, the streets and lanes, the highways and byways, the parishes, even the old school districts of the old townships; we must study the history of the men who cut down the forests, subdued the primitive soil, braved the savage, and beat their way up in the teeth of the tempest, for in their hands was the embryo of our country. "The Avon to the Severn runs, the Severn to the sea." And as the old English town lifted the country at large to its own level

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Eng.d by A.H. Ritchie

Charles H. Burns

of freedom and law, so the American towns have worked out the great problems of free government in the United States. They have been the birthplaces, the nurseries, the schools and disciplinarians of the statesmen, orators, heroes and philanthropists, who have shaped the principles and established the strength of the governrment. Every distinctive achievement of the people from the Revolution to the civil war; from the recognition to the abolition of human slavery; from the union to the disunion of church and state, has originated in, if it has not been, emphatically determined by the American town. Here the great impulses which have formed the basis of national progress have been inspired and developed. Neither the political nor social history of the American people can be ascertained or appreciated without knowing the tragic struggles and local triumphs of town and municipal life. The town has been the teacher. It is still the steady regulator of the affairs of men.

This is especially true of the New England townships. They were, as a rule, founded, and have been developed by the leaders of American force and thought. Their management, being independent, is typical of that of the nation. Every department of government is shown in the town, and it constitutes a miniature republic.

The selectmen are the executive. Within the limits of their prerogatives they are a co-ordinate branch of the town government and supreme.

In the town meeting is assembled the municipal lawmaking power. It is presided over by a moderator chosen by ballot. In the same manner the majority elect its rulers, clerk, treasurer, selectmen, and representatives to the general court. It enacts all the necessary rules and ordinances for local self-government. The inestimable right of debate nowhere prevails with more absolute freedom. Questions great and small are canvassed by oral discussion in open meeting. No credentials except citizenship, and no qualification except the ballot, are necessary to entitle a person to the floor upon any subject which is before the meeting. Some of the most notable discussions of the Revolution were those in the town meetings of Boston and New England. Milford's town meetings have been noted for intelligent debate upon all the topics of the day, and the voice of the town has been felt abroad in the land.

The wide range of subjects treated and disposed of by the town government, schools, paupers, highways, libraries, taxation, finance, moral and religious institutions, health, drainage, water supply, protection from fire, transportation, are such as concern the interests, comfort and safety of all the people, and embrace almost every possible phase of the general government. Their consideration demands thought, deliberation, debate, action, and individual judgment and responsibility. The principles involved, like the magic tent in the fairy tale, may shelter a family, or cover a continent. Nowhere else is the old Greek sentiment that "the shame of the city is the fault of the individual" so clearly apparent. Nowhere else does the American citizen acquire such practical training and equipment for participation in legislative affairs as in meetings of

this sort. They have been called with truth "the elementary cells and schools of public life." It is also here that the imperial power of the ballot, the rule of the majority, all the rights, privileges and appurtenances of a pure democratic law-making assembly are exercised, and with the greatest freedom and most marked success.

Is it strange that the intellectual local combats and individual responsibilities have given scores of men a splendid fit for wider fields? Such experiences and mental training have borne excellent fruit, and constitute strength and power in the nation.

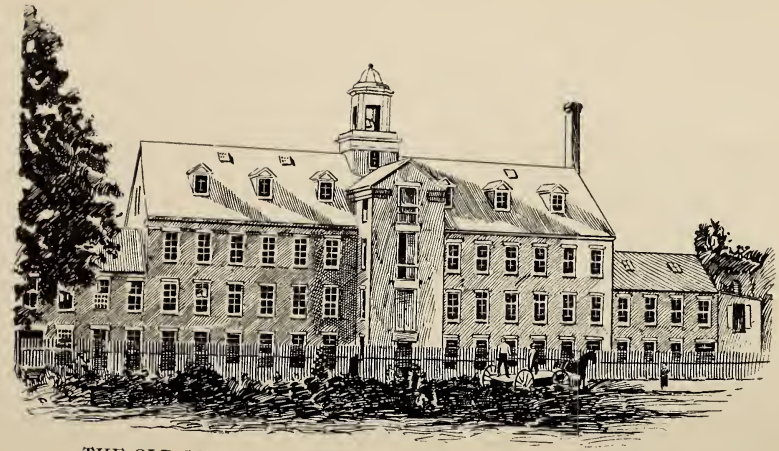
The well regulated town has a judicial department with all the machinery necessary to run it. The Justice of the Peace presides over petty trials and is solemnly called "Your Honor." His court is kept in order by a deputy sheriff. He is addressed by lawyers generally of local production and logic. They are not unfrequently called to the bench, or become leaders of the bar of the state, or important factors in the Congress of the nation.

Thus in an enterprising and intelligent town is exemplified the whole fabric of our government, and the history of its people for a hundred years is the history of the temper and the struggle of the people of the nation. Each township is a training camp for public servants. Much of the safety of the American Republic lies in this fact. The local government teaches how to manage the general government. Men will neither appreciate nor fight for a country they do not know how to govern.

The first settlers of the territory and town of Milford were good men. They were of the English and Scotch-Irish races. In their veins ran the best blood of the Saxon, the Scot and the Celt, the Puritans of Salem, and the Pilgrims of Plymouth. For years they were augmented from time to time with similar races, and they constituted a strong, sensible, industrious, virtuous people, such as compose and control the successful commonwealth. They were farmers and mechanics. They believed in labor, law, and learning. Fortunate indeed was this soil in being early owned and tilled by such hands. Its dedication to the dominion of free labor, free men and free schools, to honest and persistent toil, exposed it to christian civilization and improvement, and brought it into harmony with a new and glorious era.

The territory was selected and settled as a town on the New England plan. Its geographical limits were fixed to suit the inhabitants. It was granted from Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The representatives of its soil, before it became a township, as after, defended it against both the native Indian and the foreign white invader. They fought at Bunker Hill and Bennington, and helped throw overboard the tea in Boston harbor. In the meantime they were laying the foundations of a great republic; rearing families, building homes, churches and schools, and helping along the noble work of establishing a government by the people. In such experiences the nation was born.

A part, and perhaps all of the territory of Milford was once claimed by Massachusetts, and received early consecration by the grace of



THE OLD SOUHEGAN MILL. DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1872.

that noble commonwealth. Massachusetts has been said to have led the world in common schools. In 1659, it granted for the benefit of schools, one thousand acres of land lying along the banks of the Souhegan; a good ly gift to a righteous cause. It made other grants for the same purpose The spirit of these grants has presided over the territory ever since A distinguishing characteristic of its people has been a deep and abiding interest in educational matters; but not until it received its charter from the state of New Hampshire a century ago, was much accomplished either in the way of schools or churches. Its sturdy inhabitants, down to that time, and even later, had all they could do, to defend their cabins and get bread for themselves and their families. Since then their work in behalf of education has been one that reflects lasting honor upon the citizens of Milford. They have followed the injunction of Solomon: "Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go, keep her, for she is thy life."

The common school, the sheet anchor of a nation, the old district school, which for the practical and ordinary training of boys and girls, for good citizenship, has never been excelled by any institution on earth, except the home, has always been here sustained with marked success. A large majority of its citizens have never received any education except that received in the old district school. It was there that they learned to think, to reason and to act. It was there that they came directly in contact with the sturdy school-master, who was generally a practical, sagacious and right-minded man. It was there that they received fundamental impressions, if they deserved them, that were calculated to convince them that "the way of the transgressor is hard." A history of the teachers of Milford discloses a list of brainy, practical, and excellent men and women, who have done a great work, in that most useful of all human industries, the making of character. They were the "chosen few, the wise, the courtly, and the true." Who would not rejoice to have their children taught in the district school by such men as Daniel Russell and John Ramsdell, or by Gilbert and Lydia Wadleigh in the academy, which gave a sort of finishing touch to the graduates of the common schools, and has also been of conspicuous service in the training of the boys and girls of Milford.

These, with the lyceum, which, for more than a quarter of a century was a substantial and recognized institution of the town, and for which, as a public training place for debate and deliberation, no eqivalent has ever been found, have furnished this people with every facility for acquiring sufficient information and mental discipline to enable them to reap the precious benefits of a useful and intelligent life.

A community thus disciplined naturally demanded books and periodicals, and all the equipment for the acquisition of a wider range of instruction and information. The public circulating library came, with its manifold blessings; and with it the lecture platform and its attendant moral and intellectual pleasures. The leaders of American thought, the greatest of American orators and philanthropists have been heard

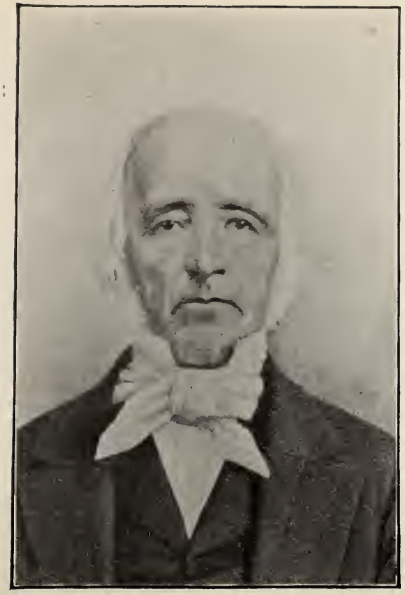
from Milford's platform—Henry Ward Beecher, Lucy Stone, Wendall Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Thomas Star King, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Theodore Parker, Oliver Wendall Holmes and scores of others, whose renown is world-wide, have thrilled by their eloquence, and instructed by their learning, logic and philanthropy the people of this goodly town.

True to the spirit of the Pilgrims, the early settlers, recognizing their first and supreme allegiance to Almighty God, built places of public worship alongside their homes. Throughout all their town history the church has been a special object of their care. The town records disclose with what liberality they contributed to its upbuilding and support. They worked and sacrificed that the words of the Saviour, the harbinger and hope of the highest civilization, might be taught in their midst, and possess the hearts of their children. They wrought in a great cause. Amply has the church compensated its cost. Its influence for the good of men is visible everywhere. At times, in the presence of great danger, it may have been weak, but it has contributed more than a just share in making a thoughtful, enterprising, conscientious, home-loving and successful people.

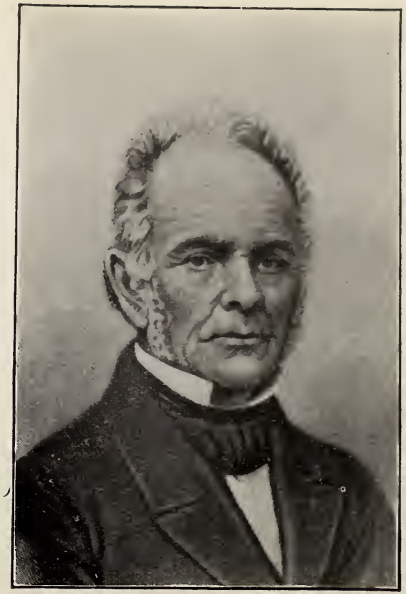
The town was more than fortunate in the selection of its first permanent pastor, the Rev. Humphrey Moore. He was a splendid man. Frugal, industrious, a farmer and minister, a patriot, a gentleman and a devout christian. His master spirit was a vital force in this community for more than fifty years. The early New England pastors were, for the most part, strong and grand characters. They were leaders among men. Their sturdy advice and rugged examples were safe guides. They did a great work. Mr. Moore was at the head of other strong religious teachers in Milford. Abner Warner, a very noble and eloquent man, left a lasting mark on this community. He valiantly espoused the cause of freedom, while he held aloft the banner of the cross. Many other good ministers have wrought here manfully, doing a work which has had large influence in moulding the character of the people.

The history of the churches of Milford is quite like those in other parts of New England. They have figured prominently in shaping the course of events, but some of them were early tainted with a disinclination to grapple with great national wrongs.

The Pilgrims and Puritans who laid the ground-work of the New England churches, although a wonderful people, were not perfect or entirely consistent. The Pilgrims came to these shores, not to found a nation, nor to sever their political ties with the mother country, but that they might establish a church after their own hearts, and worship God according to the dictates of conscience. This one idea dominated their lives. The Puritans came "to found homes and build a state." The Pilgrims were poor but well informed. The Puritans were rich and educated. Both believed in work, energy and enterprise; in the sacredness and the enforcement of law, in schools, the home and the church. They professed a belief in man, and above all, in the living God. In this sublime



SOLOMON K. LIVERMORE.



REV. HUMPHREY MOORE.

faith, and with matchless thrift and moral integrity, they made New England. They and their descendants constituted as noble a community, and maintained as pure a government as has ever existed on earth.

About the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, there was another company of men who landed at Jamestown, in Virginia. They were speculators and traders. They called themselves cavaliers. They came to this land for no good purpose. They were trying to get something for nothing. They believed in getting a living in the sweat of the faces of others, not their own. Their ideas were antagonistic to those of the Pilgrims. They sowed a seed in this country which has borne slavery, discontent and civil war. The great harvest is still going on. This disastrous spirit has attracted from the old world kindred elements. Socialism, communism, idleness, and thriftless discontent, are its deadly products.

But neither the Pilgrims nor the Puritans who helped make New England and the Republic, with all their love of justice and freedom, as history shows, had a just appreciation of the equality of human rights, or the education or evolution of mankind. They became, in framing the constitution of the Federal Union, the allies of slave traders and slave owners. They helped place in that great compact a fatal provision. It was a recognition of human slavery.

Within fifty years after its adoption, there appeared in New England a young man with a great spirit. His name was William Lloyd Garrison. He boldly challenged the integrity and justice of that work. He opened his battle for freedom by saying: "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." He made the startling declaration that this constitution was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." He published a newspaper, called the *Liberator*. Its sublime motto was "Our country is the world, our countrymen are all mankind," and it demanded "the immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slave." Garrison was its sole owner, its sole editor, its sole type-setter, and its sole manager. Its printing office was a dark and dusty attic, but its light was as brilliant as that of the diamond as it comes from the hand and genius of the lapidary. It was "a most humble, unpretentious little sheet of four pages, about 14x9 inches in size, but charged with the destiny of a race of human beings whose redemption from chattel, brutal bondage, was one day to shake to its foundations the mightiest republic ever yet existing on the face of the globe.

This paper found sympathetic readers in Milford. It aroused the conscience and stirred the souls of some of its most intelligent citizens. They at once formed an abolition society. Some of them, feeling that the churches to which they belonged, were remiss in their duty to those in bonds, severed their connection with them. They were thenceforward come-outers and abolitionists. They held regular meetings in the old Ames hall, the Faneuil Hall of the Souhegan valley, afterwards con-

verted into a school-house, which was but a continuation of its ancient work. Here they met on Sabbath days and discussed and deliberated upon the wrongs perpetuated by law against their fellowmen. Among their number were the Hutchinsons, natives of the town, the most noted, and the sweetest singers of their generation. Their songs for emancipation and temperance, exerted a mighty influence in waking the sleeping conscience of the nation. The discussions, the glorious songs, and the meetings of this noble band of men and women were forcible, inspiring and eloquent. The work they did far-reaching and successful. Some of them, like their great leader, lived to see the chains torn from the slave, and the constitution of the United States, purged of its foul stain, enabling Mr. Gladstone, the noblest living statesman recently to say, that it is the greatest political instrument that ever came from the hands of men. If Milford is distinguished for anything, it is for the unselfish and sublime work of these splendid men and women, in the grandest movement of the country, for human rights.

This generation, which is living in the glad sunshine of human freedom, can have but an imperfect idea of what it required in those days to be abolitionists. It took intelligence and ability, courage and tremendous persistency. They met social ostracism, slight, scorn and sneers; but they triumphed. They constituted an intelligent, all-powerful, vital force which won in this community and this nation. The abolitionists of the North led in a charge which changed the tone of American history, and they have left an imperishable impress upon the character of their country.

In consequence of the anti-slavery agitation, and the almost unanimous attitude of the free states, in opposition to the extension of slave territory, the greatest civil war the world has ever known was inaugurated by the same destructive hand, that had been chiefly instrumental in defiling the fundamental law of the land. It was a bold and infamous assault by the slave power, at the point of the bayonet, upon the life of the nation and the rights of humanity. Never was an attack of traitors more courageously met by a nation's defenders. The call to arms by Abraham Lincoln aroused and united the patriots of the land. It stirred to immediate action everywhere the lovers of liberty and law.

In Milford, a recruiting office was at once opened in the town hall, and forty-eight men enrolled for their country's defence. There was no hesitation and no delay. A committee of some of its leading citizens was chosen, who were authorized to equip a company, pay all expenses. and aid and support their families. Its selectmen were empowered to borrow the sum of three thousand dollars for immediate use. This was but the beginning of a series of generous and patriotic acts on the part of the town reaching to the end of the rebellion. One hundred and ninety-six of its noble citizens engaged in the conflict. They were the flower of its population. Sixty of these lost their lives by the war, forty of whom were never brought home to be buried. Thirteen were slain in

battle. Their names are in Milford's Valhalla, and are embalmed in immortal fame with the heroes of the Republic.

But courage and patriotism are not peculiar to man. Courage is graceful and dignified, and as woman excels in grace and dignity, she is full of courage and self-sacrifice. "Woman is the blood royal of life." It has been said that wherever a human being is suffering, his sighs call a woman to his side. The women of Milford began patriotic work at home before even the sounds from the rebel cannon on Sumter's walls had died away. With the instinct, and the intelligence, native to their sex, they early saw that the terrible ordeal through which the nation must pass, if saved, required their active sympathy and co-operation. And the record of what they did for the families of the soldiers at home; and what they did for the sick and dying on the battle-fields of the war, are among the most precious facts connected with the history of the town. All honor to the memory of the splendid work of these noble women.

This is but a glimpse of what Milford did in the mighty conflict. Her work in this behalf was not excelled by any community of its size in New England.

In social reforms, in temperance, and in all good and great moral movements, the town has long been a shining light. In fraternal organizations it has done splendid work. Benevolent Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, is the oldest and most notable of these institutions. Its history stretches along the entire century, and its members have been and are among its foremost citizens. Its banners are still waving and its good work still going on.

It is not in schools and churches, in moral agitation, and the struggle for freedom that Milford's record is alone resplendent with noble action. It may be said of these achievements that "time and chance happeneth to them all." But in those modest and essential pursuits, in the every day and practical affairs of life, in the home, in agriculture, manufactures and mining, trade and transportation, in men and women, who faithfully perform the duties of important and unpretentious citizenship, in which a vast majority of its people have been, and are engaged, and which form the groundwork of the Republic, comprising its active forces and power, our retrospect is equally delightful and satisfactory.

All the way through the mazy past, for a hundred years, unmistakable evidences of a substantial, vigorous, and industrious people are seen. Its inhabitants have been largely composed of rugged farmers, besoiled with honest labor, and graced with a rare intelligence; of skillful, toil-worn craftsmen and manufacturers, equally enlightened; of bright and enterprising tradesmen, successfully prosecuting a necessary business. They have been men of forethought, sagacity and industry, who have grown strong, standing by hearthstones, consecrated by the virtues of their fathers. These are the men who have made "the wheels go round." They have kept the old township steadily growing. It would be a pleas-

ure not within the limits of this occasion, to call their roll of honor. They are the heroes of the victories of Peace and Industry.

Moreover those who have wrought here in the so-called learned professions, have made the town their debtor, and contributed to the character and reputation of this people. Among them have been men of mark and distinction, Livermore, Wadleigh, Lull, Averill. Their names are here recalled with pleasure and pride. It will be time to speak of others of her sons and citizens, who give high promise, when their work is done.

It has been said that the old New England home is now chiefly known, not by what it is, or what it retains, but by what it has sent forth into the world. And when we look abroad and see the sons and daughters who have gone from us, who are in positions of trust and dignity, and are leaders among the men and women of the land, our hearts swell with honest pride.

Notwithstanding Milford has always had a good supply of doctors and lawers, her citizens have lived to a good old age, and been fairly prosperous. It is quite evident the people have refrained from taking much of the medicine of either class. Indeed, the town has had a remarkably peaceable career. It has never had any great law suit. It has had the usual agitation about the location of school-houses, and town house, but it has rarely indulged in the services of the profession. When the station of the Wilton Railroad was located, eminent counsel, among whom were Mr. Atherton, at one time a Senator, and Mr. Pierce, at one time President of the United States, were employed. This was an exception. The town has always been at peace with its neighbors and all mankind.

Of old-time customs and new-time foibles; the husking bees, the finding of the red ear, the apple parings, spelling matches, blind man's buff, the military trainings, sham fights and musters, Sabbath school picnics, singing schools, and horse trots, chasing the greased pig, catching suckers from the old Fish Rock, dancing in the old Buxton tavern, sliding down Daddy Hay's hill with pretty girls, boating by moonlight on the Souhegan, making cider, raising hops and hens, roller skating, bicycling, base ball crazes, foot ball cranks, and duplicate and drive whist maniacs, this is no time to speak. They are all respectfully referred to Milford's Historical Surveyor.

There is much in our history that is in common with many other New Hampshire towns. The early struggles were like those endured by all of the old settlements around us. The hardships and difficulties of the first white inhabitants can hardly be appreciated now. Life was a constant battle with the earth and the elements. Fear and uncertainty were stimulated by menace and massacre. Later, when the town was incorporated, it required strong arms and stout hearts, to extract from our common mother enough to sustain life, without social comforts or educational or religious blessings. The genius of invention had not then supplied machinery that will act and think. Steam had not been

COL. O. W. LULL.

WILLIAM RAMSDELL.

heard in this valley. Electricity had not been employed in the transmission of thought and power. Ether, the destroyer of the terror and pain of the surgeon's knife, was an undiscovered friend of humanity.

But without any of these helps, the builders of Milford have pushed on, and kept pace with the march of events. They have trained in the army of human progress, and have always been abreast with the times. The result of this marvelous energy and enterprise is seen in one of the most intelligent and thrifty communities to be found anywhere. Its splendid farms, thriving manufactures, and newly developed quarries of granite, sufficient in quantity to build a dozen Londons, and of such exquisite quality as to be fit for the puaposes of art, are its material wealth, while its charming scenery and its beautiful location, give assurance of continued growth and prosperity.

And can we not felicitate ourselves, not only that our ancestral home is in New Hampshire, the good old Granite State, whose mountains almost touch the stars, and whose air and water are as pure as the light of heaven, but in New England, whose sons have fought in every "battle for God and humanity" for two hundred and seventy-five years, whose genius is guided by liberty, learning and law, and whose domain, though rough, and rugged, and bleak, is yet the garden of the world.

The place of our birth is the beautiful vision of childhood. The old home, the fields, the lanes, the meadows and the brook, the schoolhouse and the church, the town-house, the store-keeper, the shoe maker and the village blacksmith, the minister, the lawyer, the school-master and the old family physician, how good and true and noble they were.

We have indeed a goodly patrimony. We have inherited a good name; we must not only transmit it, which is infinitely better than to receive it, but, in the language of New England's greatest philosopher: "Let us shame the fathers by superior virtue in the sons."

What is to be the fate of the country town is a much mooted question. Its destiny in New England has been the cause of anxiety on the part of those who believe that in the old country communities, which were settled and controlled by Puritan and Pilgrim influences, there has been almost perfection in government. The thought, that such grand old towns are to be drained and dwarfed by the enormous drafts made upon them by great cities, is not pleasant. It is not encouraging to see the bright young people, in whose hands lie so much power for good and growth, turn their backs upon the old homesteads and adorn other scenes. Landscapes are never quite perfect, unless touched and fringed with the flowers of civilization. They need humanity, the vigor of man and the grace of woman, to crown them. A house without an inmate, though artistically perfert, a forest untrodden by man, although full of nature's pictures, present few attractions. They must be frequented by man, the noblest work of God, to give them life, and to inspire them with a vital interest. The old town must be populated to be either useful or beautiful. It will be. The time will come when the tide will turn from the city to the country.

While youth is restless, under the limitations of a retired neighborhood, and desires more active scenes, there comes a time in the lives of most people, when they long to go back to the old home and rest amidst rural beauties. Tacitus found the early English race a nation of farmers, cultivating the soil, each for himself, "as woodside, plain, or fresh spring attracts him," loving the country and hating the city. The love of land in the Saxon breast is as strong as the love of liberty. It seeks dominion over the soil. Its danger lies in its excessive gratification. It is disposed to grasp vast territories and to be monarch over immense tracts. Such a disposition should be discouraged. It bodes no good to the township. As the size of landed estates increases, population decreases. This was true seventeen centuries ago in Britain, Italy and Gaul. It is equally true to-day. A thousand acres, with fifty or one hundred owners, is far better for the community, than the same number of acres with one owner. Small farms owned by their occupants, well tilled; beautiful homes owned by their occupants, well filled; a variety of industries thriftily pursued; these, with cozy summer houses, dotting the hill-sides and their attendant churches and school houses, increase the beauty, the wealth, the population, and the intelligence of the country town, and contribute to the strength, the power and safety of the nation. A town, thus constituted, is a desirable place in which to live. It will always be attractive and always grow. Burns, after he had fully tested the "vain pomp and glory of the world," said: "To a man who has a home, however humble and remote, if that home is, like mine, the scene of domestic comfort, the bustle of Edinburgh will soon be a business of sickening disgust."

Moreover, the country town that is reached by the railroad, the telegraph and the telephone, and most of them are, is no longer remote. Steam and electricity have annihilated time and distance, and made comfort and convenience cosmopolitan. The news of the world reaches the farmer's door, almost as soon as it does the commercial centre, and knowledge is disseminated with marvelous equality. The luxuries of every clime are almost as near the cottage of the husbandman, as the palace of the city banker; and the city and the town are moving towards each other with astounding rapidity.

And yet great men flee to great centres as whales to the deep sea. After Plutarch and Raphael discovered their ability they went to Rome as Burns did to Edinburgh. Large cities have always attracted genius and great minds, for in them is appreciation and scope. Herodatus went to Athens in search of educated men and an intelligent audience. Napoleon went to Paris, Webster to Boston. If the motive were praise, or gain or fame, it would be strong and all-powerful.

But while genius is apt to seek the multitude it is frequently born in solitude. Goethe says: "Talent is perfected in solitude." An ancient philosopher has said: "That the first thing necessary for a perfectly happy man is that he should be born a citizen of some famous city." Many are not thus privileged, if it is a privilege. Cicero, who has

been doomed to an immortality, in this world, and who was the greatest of great orators, was born far back in the country, more than seventy miles from Rome, afterwards the theatre of his matchless career. "Shakespeare, towering above all the poets of ancient and of modern times, as fresh to-day as he was three hundred years ago, the greatest miracle of intellect that perhaps has ever adorned the world," first saw heaven's light, at an almost unknown spot, called Stratford-on-Avon, now world-renowned as the place of his birth. Cromwell, who arrested the power of the House of Stuart, and changed the whole course of English history, was bred to peaceful occupations, and lived for the most part in the country until forty years of age, but was buried with regal pomp among the ancient Kings of England. Washington and Lincoln, true students of nature, and noble sons of God, beginning life amidst rurul scenes and ending with the adoration of their country. A vast majority of the men and women who have made our country, who have fought our battles and won position and fame, have been blessed with a childhood in the rural district, thus obtaining natural force and power.

That the mind and body are more or less affected by the climate, atmosphere and scenery that surround early life, is an undoubted fact; and while education begins in the cradle and the nursery, it does not end in the university. Life is a constant school. A large majority of active men and women acquire their vigor of mind from the unprinted literature to be found in forest, sky, street and field, as well as the counting room and business. "Nature educates, life educates, society educates. Outward circumstances, inward experiences, and social influences, make up a large part of human culture." The country town and the populous city each possess special charms and marked advantages. The one supplements the other. Both are essential to the development of a great nation.

The history of Milford, beginning but a few years after the United States had achieved independence, covers a hundred years of the most marvellous developments known to man. Ten such decades the world has never before seen. A comparison between then and now, reveals a most startling revolution in opinion, methods of thinking, and ways of living. Such an assemblage of new inventions, such an array of newly discovered facts, physical, moral and scientific, inspire the belief that there is scarcely no end to the possible accomplishments of the human race. The imperial and majestic power of man never was so obvious as now. Never before did human destiny give promise of such splendid fruition.

One hundred years ago! Who can paint the wrongs that were then tolerated? Millions of manacled slaves all through the civilized world; the tortures of the Press-gang; the ghastly flogging of soldiers and sailors; men aud women hung for stealing bread to defeat starvation; debtors incarcerated in prison when overcome with the weight of obligations innocently and honestly incurred; women executed as witches; men burned at the stake by the command of tyrants; paupers sold at

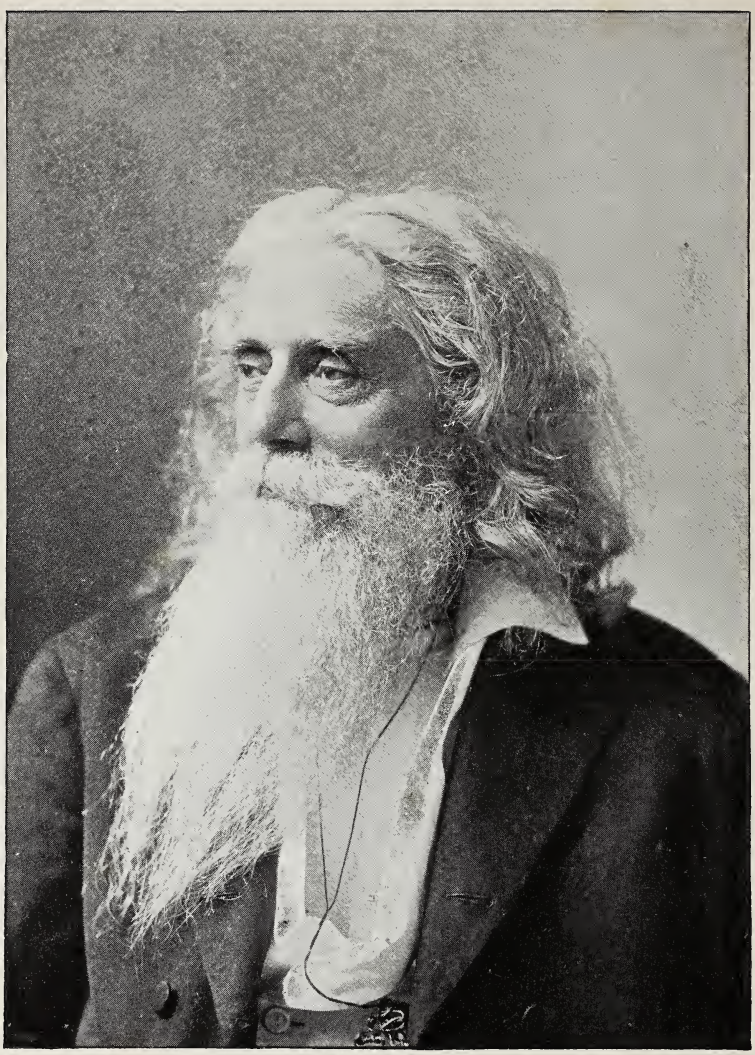
auction to the lowest bidder; taxes mercilessly imposed, to support creeds and crime.

What a transition the century has witnessed! Then they relied on the zeal of the Parson to warm the church. Now the warmth of the church inspires the pastor. Then they employed a beadle to wake the sleeping congregations; now those who put them to sleep are expected to wake them again. Then they walked, carrying their shoes in their hands until in sight of the church door. Now they go by steam and electricity, in carriages, cars and bicycles. Then there was heard on every hand the injunction "he that hath ears to hear let him hear." Now the spirit of the age says, "he that hath brains to think let him think." Mental indolence, like physical, is regarded as a criminal neglect of the most magnificent opportunities of life. At the clubs, in the taverns, with the newspapers, the wits, the great men of action, the men of art, literature, science, and learning, with those in the so-called humbler walks of life, in the factory and the mine, the schools and universities, the churches and society, in law and justice, morals and manners, there has been complete, thorough and radical improvement. In government itself, which is the highest aspiration of worldly struggles, the progress has been marked and universal.

And the chief interest of this glorious anniversary is not so much the past as the present. Not what our fathers were, but what we are. Not what they did as what we are doing. The adornments of the occasion are not *relics of history*, but the *living sons and daughters* of Milford, its cultivated citizens, its men and women of education, enlightenment and character: "here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power." These are the trophies of its centennial year.

This is not our only cause of congratulation. We are holding our family reunion, not in a dilapidated old homestead grown up and disfigured with briers and bushes, with the moss covered bucket that hangs in the well, tumbling to pieces, with the latch-string broken or gone, with open doors creaking on rusty hinges, with bare walls and empty larder, with mould and decay everywhere visible, but rather in a commodious and beautiful spot, surrounded with every sign and equipment of modern civilization. We are welcomed to a model town, with physical comfort and spiritual grace. Its picture to-day is one of thrift, enterprise and beauty. Its farms were never greener; its shops never more attractive; its quarries of immaculate granite never more promising; its printing press never brighter or more active; its schools and churches never more prosperous; its citizens never more enthusiastic and intelligent; and its charming homes never more numerous and elegant; and so, with loyalty and filial reverence we say, "Let the dead past bury its dead," we are for the living present and for Milford *as she is and will be.*

"And green forever be the graves,
And bright the flowing sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God."



John W. Hutchinson

F. O. G. B. O. M.

26-'84

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.

President Wallace:—One of the most remarkable and interesting productions of the town was the celebrated Hutchinson family of singers, whose songs have delighted and instructed thousands and whose fame was not confined to this country, all of whom have passed away except one, John W. Hutchinson, the sole survivor of the family, who will favor us with an original song appropriate to the occasion.

"HOME OF MY BOYHOOD."

" O, home of my boyhood, my own native home,
I love it the better wherever I roam."

COUNTRYMEN, CITIZENS, NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS:

We have reason to congratulate each other that we are privileged, under these favorable auspices, to assemble to celebrate an event like this—the establishment of the municipality, our town government.

More than a hundred years ago, our fathers settled in this beautiful valley of the Souhegan, fertilized from the waters that coursed along among these surrounding hills, by brooks and rivulets that are tributary to our beloved stream, gently flowing and flooding its banks, paying tribute by enriching its meadows and plains and insuring temporal blessings.

" Friends we all loved dwelt by these banks,
And made their margins dear."

Blessed associations and thrilling memories of every event cluster about the century just past. One who for more than three-fourths of this time has personally taken cognizance of the eventful periods, finds his mind thrilled as memory presents to his view the scenes so connected with the locality. It fills my soul with gratitude, though mingled with sadness, that I have lived so much in this eventful century.

"Where are the friends of my youth?" Many are lost in the grave's unconscious womb—yet fond memory brings to light the many pleasurable days with our associates; the family circle, the common public school, so dear to every Yankee that it makes him revolt at every attempt to interrere with the plan of our fathers. The church in its primitive excellence, founded and established by the common demand of our spiritual and social nature, a factor in our relations in the body politic, and of consolation under affliction, linking the best of this transitory existence to the real and the eternal, where the great majority reside. "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." Music, the church's handmaid, plays an important part in its perpetuity.

I ought to say a word in regard to the building of the Baptist — now Methodist — church. I have been *en rapport* with the three generations extending back more than a century. Our ancestors built well and conscientiously. "Uncle" Jesse — my father — and Andrew Hutchinson, two brothers, worked on the building, with my grandfather, An-

drew Leavitt, acting as master carpenter. Grandfather Leavitt was a soldier of the Revolution. He fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, and was one of the 300 who kept the British at bay. Afterward, he was detailed to build anew the waste places caused by the burning of Charlestown. This patriot received an honorable discharge at the end of seven years of conflict. He earnestly and honestly labored with these two brothers, for he could handle his kit of tools like an expert, and erected the Baptist Church — as he had previously aided in building the Congregational Church — later converted into a hall for town purposes — on the hill just by the north bank of our stream, subsequently removed to its present site. Grandfather Hutchinson was a member of this church, and served as clerk of the society.

Here we were nurtured in the tenets of the Baptist persuasion. For years, our family formed the principal part of the choir, and here Grandfather Leavitt, with father and mother, listened to the first concert of the Hutchinson family — tribe of Jesse, thirteen sons and daughters — given in the building they had so recently helped to erect. Solomon K. Livermore, Esq., a worthy citizen, volunteered and gave a very fine discourse on music. The concert was a success, and compliments were most profuse.

It was on the farm we disciplined our voices, and learned to chant songs of freedom and of praise to the God of our fathers. We embraced, as we thought, a religion that welcomed all the race of man to a common plane of brotherhood; our hearts beat in sympathy for the oppressed of all nations, and our souls were fired with indignation by the wrongs of four millions of bondmen. So we sang through the land in their behalf —

> "Pity kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,
> Cold is the world to the cries of God's poor;
> Give us our freedom, ye friends of christianity,
> Give us our rights, for we ask nothing more."

As members of the quartette, Judson, John, Asa and Abby, the four youngest of the family, we early trained our voices to sing with spirit and understanding, and soon moved the hearts of the public and won its plaudits. Here we commenced our original style of concerts, and after entertaining the people in the vicinity, ventured to the larger cities, Boston and elsewhere.

There came to our village in 1843 some radicals — William Lloyd Garrison and H. P. Rogers, with others. Among them were Parker Pillsbury, Stephen Foster, Abby Kelley and Fred Douglass, all laboring in the cause of freedom to remove from our escutcheon the stains of slavery. They held an anti-slavery meeting in the Congregational church. This, with similar meetings, aroused attention and sympathy for the down-trodden. The sentiments promulgated were in accord with our own, and so we joined the army of the Lord, to battle against the mighty. Most of our townsfolk enjoyed the music, though some would deride. But we heeded not their opposition, for the "God bless you" that came from a true abolitionist outweighed and tipped the beam of

the scoffer or scornful, so we blessed them in return. All of the reformers mentioned frequently visited and were entertained at our house.

It might be profitable, if time would allow, to recite the names of hundreds of men and women, some few of whom survived the wreck of time and rounded out 100 years. We must recall Mrs. Towne, whose lights were not shadowed by cares and sorrows. Still the moment of demise came and her soul was wafted to the realms of eternal light. At our last call this centenarian held in her embrace the new family Bible just presented by Sister Abby and acknowledged the testimonial in sweet accented sentences, after which we sang: —

"My sister I wish you well;
When our Lord calls, I trust we shall be mentioned in the promised land."

With her "amen," we breathed one more strain: —

"We are almost home, to join the Angel band,"

A veteran of the Revolution, Col. Joshua Burnham, resided near my father's house. He presented my brother, who bore his name, his silk sash, which he once wore on parade when it was reviewed by General Washington. This is cherished as an heirloom. I remember some titled comrades once visiting him in his humble cot. They said one was of Washington's staff. He was an honored pensioner, and passed away at the age of 95. His epitaph reads thus: —

"Soldier of the Revolution, zealous in his country's cause.
Faithful to the Constitution and obedient to its laws."

So the periods of time have marked the demise of the dear ones, the memory of whose virtues will be cherished by all succeeding generations. Patriots who toiled and in their country's cause bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve, received proud recompense.

Some names of our acquaintances we delight to mention, prominent among them: The Peabodys, Buxtons, Stimpson, Pearsons, Burns, Averill, Bartlett, Ramsdell, Moore, Crosbys, Chase, Mills. The several tribes of Hutchinson, numbering at one time more than a hundred souls, all claiming kinship through somewhat remote scions with the family tree of 270 years' growth in America, were found scattered up and down in the valleys and on the hills on either side of the river Nearly all were agriculturalists. With the culture of cereals and vegetables, we, with most of the farming communities, obtained a large revenue from hop raising, The gathering of the crop was most pleasing, associated with aid from the men and women of our neighborhoods, who gathered in groups about the hop boxes, vieing with each other in their efforts to fill the largest heap of the cleanest picked into the box. The odor from the hops was most vivifying; love stories were told, or songs were sung, while all looked forward to the pay day. How solicitous were the proprietors as the inspector, Stephen Peabody, rode up the lane, and cutting a hole in the closely packed bag, took therefrom a handful of hops, and brought it in contact with his nose. Everything depended on the smell, for first or second would be the grade according to his whim. Opinions

varied, but the ready cash that came in the sale of the article was judiciously appropriated for the comfort of the families. The wives sometimes received the long-promised calico dress, and the children some shoes. Economy was a cardinal virtue for old and young in those days, for there was an established principle to pay one's debts.

In Washingtonian times we espoused the temperance reform. With this great reform came the giving up of the hop culture, so we sang "Plow up your hops" at a grand Convention held on Fourth of July. Cider making was much diminished. It was said one farmer in South Milford was so carried away by the excitement that he cut down all of his cider apple trees. The order of the Sons of Temperance was first organized in our hall, and Milford, for years, was the banner temperance town, so acknowledged by the state. Again, we raised our voices against this traffic, and the song was: —

"King Alcohol has many forms
By which he catches men;
He is a beast of many horns,
And ever thus has been."
There's rum and gin and beer and wine,
And brandy of logwood hue,
And these, with other fiends combined,
Will make any man look blue.
He says, be merry,
For here's your cherry,
And port and sherry,
And Tom and Jerry,
And spirits of every hue,
O, are not these a fiendish crew,
As ever mortal knew?

The sequel to these excitements established sober homes. We held many temperance meetings and concerts, under the auspices of the State Temperance Committee or Associations.

How proud we, a band of fourteen boys, were to play our martial music as we marched at the head of the parade on training and muster days, each blowing with might his own air into his favorite instrument. The Kings, Halls, Turner, Buxton, Goss, French, were names of some of these musicians, members of the band. I delight to number with them Major Phineas Stimpson, who was the fifer and drummer. His occupation was as a boot and shoemaker, and he whistled and hummed at every stitch he drew in his shoe. He was a lover of the art of music, and taught the rudiments in those early days — a worthy citizen. He served as undertaker for years.

Mr. Richardson directed the Baptist choir for a period, but resigned in favor of Brother Joshua, who served as chorister for the choir for twenty-five years. He had, as co-workers, his brothers, and so famous was the singing that the Congregational Society engaged brother Judson, and he, with Asa and myself, led the singing for a season. Jesse was then leading a choir in Lynn.

How well I remember the singing of three ladies who aided us. They were students in the female seminary, coming from adjoining

Benton. Jesse. Hale. Edmund.

DEARBORN MALE QUARTETTE.

Who sang "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

Sons of the late Dr. Thomas Benton Dearborn and Kate Hutchinson Dearborn. Grandsons of the late Judson J. Hutchinson of the original "Hutchinson Family."

towns, and our hearts and souls were kindled with a flame of sacred love, and we worshiped at these shrines, and the associations ripened into harmony. Their names were Sarah French, Jane R. French and Tryphenia Tupper. Jane is still living in Milford. At last, we unitedly resolved to make propositions for engagement, and on Saturday night, each repaired to the home of his sweetheart, and asked the question, "Will you be mine?" The answers were to be announced at our meeting the following day, but as the course of true love never does run smooth, the order was put in abeyance, and we were obliged to abide on probation: —

"Better, some adviser said,
To always court and never wed."

Our family erected a building near the stone bridge, opposite the Baptist Church, and dedicated a hall, naming it Liberty Hall. Here meetings were held. Free discussions were permitted. We sang of freedom, as we could not sing in our old Baptist Church. Some said we would wreck our prospects of fame and fortune. What cared we, as long as we were in the way of duty? The very atmosphere was permeated with the pro-slavery spirit. It had captivated the whole nation, church, and state.

The United States suffered from the stigna of slavery in every nook and corner. The anti-slavery people were persecuted, mobbed, and driven from halls and churches where they attempted to speak. The fugitive slave law was enacted, compelling all citizens to become watch dogs to hunt down the runaways escaping from the tyrant's grasp en route towards the North Star of freedom.

We sang the song dedicated to Fred Douglass by brother Jesse:

"I'll be free! I'll be free! and none shall confine
With fetters and bonds this free spirit of mine!
From my youth I have vowed in my God to rely,
And despite the oppressor, gain freedom or die.
Though my back is all torn by the merciless rod,
Yet firm is my trust in the right arm of God,
In His strength I'll go forth, and forever will be
'Mong the hills of the North, where the bondmen are free."

We were driven from the cities of Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Washington, and threatened with mobs in New York and Boston. In the latter city, Burns, the fugitive, was remanded back to slavery. The poor Whig party, by its mouthpiece, Daniel Webster, had fully succumbed to this element. The South became *en rapport* with the democracy, and the Free Soil Party was filling its ranks with the best of the scattered fragments of the once proud though compromising Whig party which at last was reduced to the makeshift of such nominees as Bell and Everett, they receiving but three thousand votes in the canvass. So we sang: —

"Edward Everett oped his mouth
For the votes of the South,
But his wishy-washy speech was so rotten
That it struck to his spine
And he took a bee-line
Lodged in State Street, behind a bag of cotton."

But Freemont was not elected, and time sped on. The opposition and excitement were at a white heat. Buchanan, the president, was bewildered, and the fire eaters were in danger of wrecking the ship of state. Lincoln, the Republican candidate, was nominated amid the storm of dissolving party strife; the campaign was vigorously prosecuted, and victory crowned the efforts of the new party. Lincoln was inaugurated, surrounded by the bitterest of traitors who had dogged his steps from Springfield, Illinois, to the Capitol — all the time in danger of assassination, and only by the timely announcement of the obligation resting upon him to return the fugitives, was he rendered comparatively safe and enabled to take the oath of office.

Then followed the Rebellion — four years of war; first to save the Union, next to emancipate the slave. Milford, like all other loyal towns and cities north of Mason and Dixon's line, was aroused to action, and all, both Republicans and Democrats, vied with one another in volunteering in this glorious warfare.

Some years previous to this, I was discussing with my friend, Oliver Lull, in his office, the vexing question of slavery. He spoke in pacific terms of the rights of the South. I said to him, "I suppose in keeping with your Democratic proclivities, if war was inevitable, you, sir, would be inclined to favor your Southern allies, and draw your sword in defence of their rights as against the North."

I can never forget the reply, as, raising himself to his full height from his seat, he answered, "*No, never*! I would be a volunteer in the armies of the North, and fight for Liberty and Union." And for thirty years his widow has been clad in the habiliments of mourning for a brave husband, soldier, and patriot, who sacrificed his life in defence of his country. Col. Lull's memory will long be cherished for his bravery, and all who fought under him will honor his name. The lines of Bryant, written for Lincoln, I will dedicate to Milford's noble son: —

"Thy task is done, the bond are free,
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life, its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Amid the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right."

To return for a moment, to scenes in old Milford. In those old times, farmers contracted with their help during haying time for a supply of New England rum. Some could hold more, some less. A pint a day was considered a moderate supply.

All surplus funds from the avails of the Hutchinson's public concerts abroad, we brought home to Milford, and they were loaned at small interest to our citizens. Thus, many local enterprises were inaugurated; houses were built on Hay's hill on funds borrowed from the Hutchinsons. We purchased the old neglected store once occupied by Abial Lovejoy. He kept a grocery and dry goods store, and furnished

METHODIST CHURCH.
As it was before it was remedelled.

cod fish and crackers and rum and gin for the militia, which companies, on training days, rendezvoused in the old hall. The building was repaired at an expense of $4,000 for stores, tenements, and a new, capacious hall above, dedicated on one Fourth of July to freedom.

I purchased of Dr. Fuller this estate, on which now stands our town hall, the library, and banquet hall, the bank building, the brick schoolhouse, and numerous stores and dwellings. These lots were sold to parties, and utilized as you see. Our family were present, and sang at the laying at the corner stone of the Town Hall.

We declined to retain funds obtained from the proceeds of local concerts, given from time to time. A considerable sum was realized from one benefit entertainment for planting and protecting the trees now shading the encircling public ground on the square. Our venerable and honored townsman, Rev. Mr. Moore, set the elm now standing in the centre. He said to me, "The sterile soil needs fertilizers. Will you allow me to take a few wheelbarrow loads from your field?" "Most certainly." We assisted him to do what every one ought to do, *plant a tree.* His industrious habits were a constant stimilus to well doing. His humor and cheerful sayings were the life and spur of the town. Originality was a marked feature along his professional career, as when he "brushed in his wild oats" at college. I recall his mystic prayer on a masonic occasion, "We pray for we know not what. If it is good, bless it; if bad, cuss it. Amen." Being a Congregationalist, he could do no better. He was a sprinkler. Immersion with him was superfluous. I heard him pray thus, at a Baptist revival. "One Lord, one faith." The latter word was very much suppressed and qualified. He did not wish to offend. And he was asked by brother Joshua, concerning his health, and answered in his lisping way: "I am perfectly thound above my knees."

"It was said of him, as representative, while discussing, at the State House at Concord, some question of thrift among his constituents, that he remarked, "one man, Jesse Hutchinson, beside his other products, is making money by raising boys. He built a house for his Euclid, and Harriet, his wife, both comparatively small people. The question was asked him, "What are you going to do?" He said he was going to raise Tom Thumbs.

Rev. Mark Carpenter, of the Baptist Church, was more of a horse jockey than Bro. Moore. He would swap until his steed would win in the race. He could hammer his pulpit when his brains refused activity. He was a lover of music, however, and could teach. My brother Asa and I, being denied the opportunity to attend the public school in the village, requested the privilege of reciting our lessons to him, but horse was on his mind, he could not take in the jacks, so we repaired to the Lyceum, and they heard us gladly.

One day, being in the Unitarian meeting in the old Town Hall, I was seated by Mr. Livermore and daughter. Seeing I had no hymn-book that day, he brought me one the following Sunday. He handed me a

book, supposing it was the very kind. The hymn was called. Opening the book, I discovered that a mistake had been made. I had an arithmetic, but being satisfied no evil was intended, I kept it open and most lustily sang on the hymns as they were given out, and no one noticed any discrepancy. In the afternoon he gave me the real hymns, while he had the figures and wrestled with the problem. I struggled to suppress a smile until meeting was done, when we shook hands, as honors were equal. This proved a tie of warm friendship ever after.

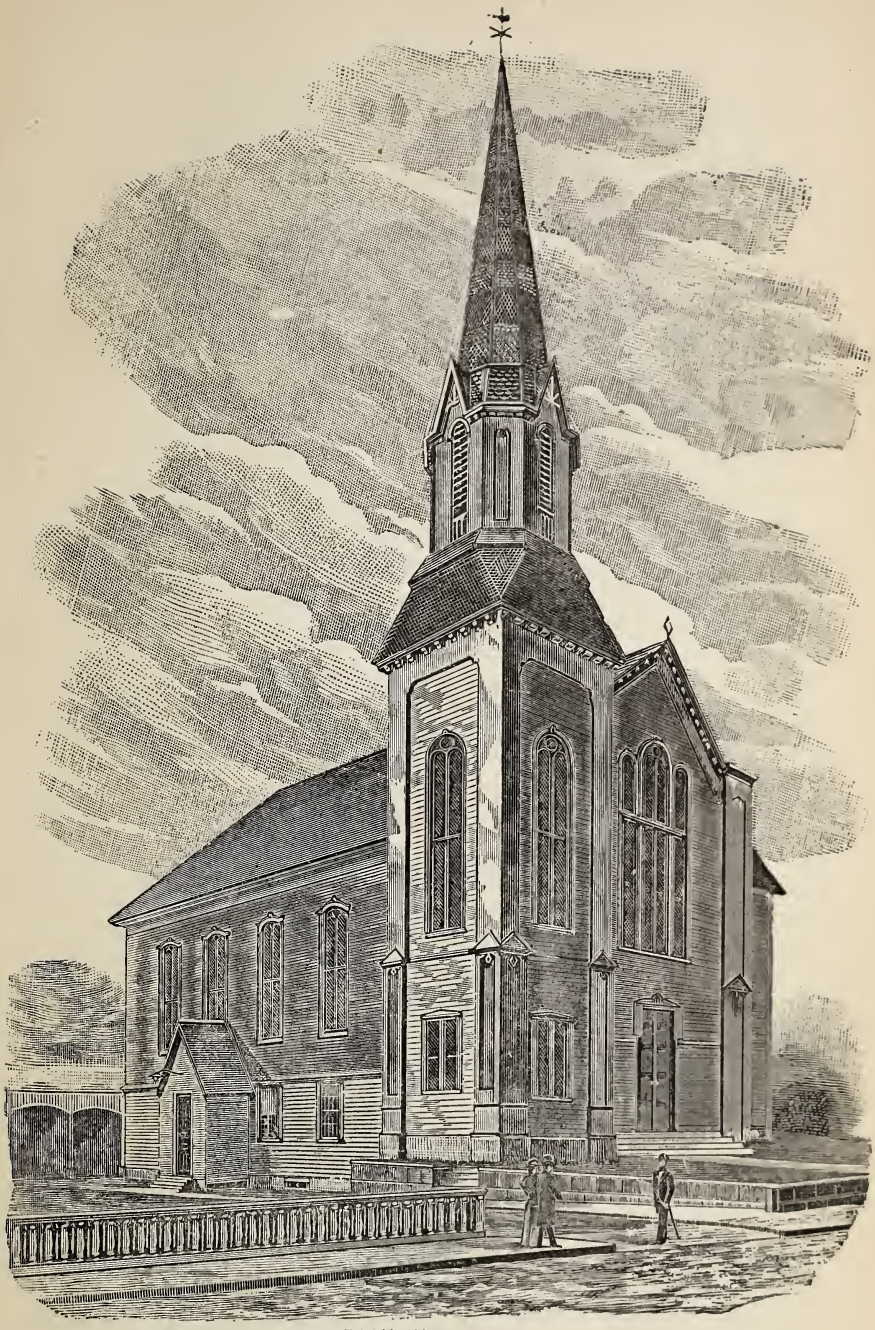
I think I was the first come-outer in New Hampshire, having withdrawn, for conscience' sake, in 1835, after membership from the age of 10 to 15.

Looking backward over the century just rounded out, we realize that, compared with any previous 100 years, it has proved an eventful period in the march of civilization. The inventive genius of the race has been taxed to its utmost. We have had handed down to us, as it were from some ethereal sphere, the wonders of the ages. The arts and sciences have filled the land with culture, and produced revolutions in numerous appliances in the mechanical world, all of which are labor saving. When adapted to the necessities of the generation, they will prove inestimable blessings to the whole race of man. We mention here a few of these great developed powers: Steam, in its multifarious adaptations to mechanics. In navigation, it makes the ocean a highway for ponderous vessels, freighted with the products of all nations. It drives the engine with its numerous trains loaded with its human beings over the railroad tracks of the land, it "speeds the plow" and sets the millions of spindles in our factories in motion. It cooks our food, it warms our homes, and to make all safe, it seems but to utter this injunction,

> "Harness me down with your iron bands,
> Be sure of your curb and rein."

Edison, Thomson, and Houston, with their electric plants controlling the most powerful element in nature, with its "still small voice," commands the thoroughfares of city and country—with its staff pointing up toward heaven, touching by its revolving trolley the electric cord, demanding in no uncertain way the mighty propelling power, and with its neatness and purity displacing the animal kingdom, whose over-burdened draught has so long taxed the sympathies to pity. This power turns night into day, and brightens our way, aiding the struggling moonbeam's misty light until the orb of day, the eye of the Father of light, eliminates all darkness. With the advent of these inventions shall many more enter smiling at the door.

But social has not kept pace with mechanical progress. A struggle is now pending. The monopolies of wealth have usurped the inventive genius of the people for their own aggrandizement, and humbled the man to a beggarly attitude. They heed not the voice of the populace, "*We starve, we die, O give us bread*" (work). *There must be something wrong.*



BAPTIST CHURCH.

The wide door to the arena of politics is about to open, and woman is waiting to step in and occupy her sphere as helpmeet to her brother man. Our national Congress is a stigma before the world, a satire on progress. Its members refuse the light as men alone may do, for their deeds are evil.

VOTE IT RIGHT ALONG.

Who votes for women suffrage now
Will add new laurels to his brow,
His children's children, with holy fire
Will chant in praise their patriot sire.
No warrior's wreath of glory shed
A brighter lustre o'er the head
Than he who battles selfish pride
And votes with woman side by side.

This shall unfold his better part,
Delight his spirit and warm his heart;
No jealous thought shall haunt his brain,
And Eden's peace he shall regain.
For an equal partner shall be his bride,
No holy joy shall be denied,
As equal rights their motto be
Together journeying o'er life's sea.

Their first great vote to close shall be
These gilded haunts of infamy—
The poor, besotted wretch shall know
That woman has closed the gates of woe,
The light of truth shall shine again,
And temperance on the earth shall reign;
The night of darkness disappear,
The millenial day shine bright and clear.

Then let us all unite in love
To emulate the hosts above;
Be just, be brave, be good and true
Doing to others as they'd to you.
Build high humanity's sacred cause,
Obeying conscience and its laws,
We reach at last the ethereal sphere,
Know God, and all his works revere.

It would be a good plan to send more educated laymen and fewer lawyers to Congress, or else some industrial army will grasp the sceptre, and a revolution will succeed this indifference to the cries of God's poor.

"Life is the time to serve the Lord." This principle has stimulated the action of the Hutchinson family, and as opportunity offered, we have availed ourselves of a chance to work in His vineyard. At the lecture given by Frederic Douglass in Boston last month, I was introduced to say a few words and to sing a song. I begged the privilege, previous to the singing, of introducing George Latimase, once a slave, who had accompanied me to the platform. I said that 52 years ago, I went with my brother Jesse from Lynn to Boston to rescue this man. We sang, as we entered the chapel to meet the convention, "O liberate the bondman." While discussing the plan of rescue, it was announced that the slave was free. Some friend, then unknown, had furnished the price

set by the master, and $400 was paid for his ransom. I said, "What lack of wisdom in our legislators and the community at large to sacrifice a million of the flower of the land, and thousands of millions in treasure when the policy adopted by the mother country, to purchase all the slaves and save the agony of transformation might have been adopted. This man has been an industrious citizen for more than half a century. We then sang "Over the mountain," etc.

With my family, son Harry, and daughter Viola, I sung to the soldiers on the Potomac, and so provoked the rebel element in the army as to cause our expulsion. But Lincoln and his cabinet reinstated us, and Gen. McClellan was asked to report at Trenton. The government was not in favor of returning these contrabands of war. We had sung Whittier's great song, "The Furnace Blast."

At the funeral of John G. Whittier I said a few words, and Sister Abby helped me to sing: —

"As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his eadeavor;
Let his name in golden light
Live forever and forever."

In behalf of all my brothers and sisters in the Spirit Land, I would say, as they would, be steadfast and ardent; help one another; be zealous in love's high calling — "slow to smite and swift to spare"; labor for the country's good.

Mothers, sisters, lovers! The millenial day is about to dawn. Lay aside the habiliments of mourning; the day of rejoicing is at hand. You need not apprehend the babes at your breasts will be nursed to supply the army of greed and be slaughtered to nourish averice All future vexing questions of diplomacy with the nations of the earth will be adjusted by arbitration.

"O, then will come the glorious day,
And may it last forever,
When all the nations of the earth
In peace shall dwell together."

Let this be our motto as we enter in upon the second century of our municipality: "The Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of Man."

G. A. Ramsdell

HON. G. A. RAMSDELL.

President Wallace:—The first century of the town is replete with important and interesting events, which it is desirable should be preserved in historical form for the use of the future generations, and not be suffered to pass into oblivion. The town is fortunate in having a distinguished son descended from two of the noted families of Milford, who has kindly undertaken the task for which he is so well fitted by education and ability, the Hon. George A. Ramsdell, who will now favor us with some historical sketches of Milford.

Mr. President:

We are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of this town. But when we think and talk of its real history, it is fit and proper to add half a century and think and talk of everything which has transpired for one hundred and fifty years, upon the soil which today we proudly call the town of Milford.

The first white man to build a human habitation within the present limits of the town was Thomas Nevins. His location was in the southeastern part of the town. Nothing remains to mark the spot save evidences that a cellar once existed. The permanent settlement of the town began when William Peabody commenced to clear the farm on the north side of the river, which as a part of Amherst had been given to his father by the State of Massachusetts, on account of the service of his grandfather in King Phillips war, and which remained in the Peabody name more than one hundred years.

In imagination let me roll back the wheels of time one hundred and fifty years and what do we here behold. Peabody established on his farm—John Shepard with his grist and saw mill erected on the Gilson privilege, given to him by the town of Amherst, on condition that he build a mill, the machinery of which was to be dragged part of the way by hand through the forests—Benj. Hopkins, with his friend and hired man Caleb Jones, laying the foundations of his bullet proof dwelling a little north of the residence of the late Luke Smith, on his magnificent farm of over eleven hundred acres—John Burns hoeing his corn on the Geo. W. Duncklee farm about a mile and a half from where we stand. These five men with their families (excepting of course the Nevins settlement) made up the entire population of our territory one hundred and fifty years ago. It is not certain that Hopkins and Burns had completed their dwellings so as to be counted actual settlers in 1744, but they were here a part of the year at least at work upon the land.

These men were followed by Nathan Hutchinson, who bought of Hopkins a part of the Charlestown school farm and settled where Edwin D. Searles now lives—by Elisha Town whose cabin was built a little northeast of the East Milford railroad station—by Andrew Bradford, who settled upon the J. Fitch Crosby place—by Abner Hutchinson whose

home was near the residence of the late John Bartlett on the north side of the river—by Capt. Josiah Crosby, who chose the farm now owned by his descendants on the Wilton road—by William Wallace who built upon the hillside, near the residence of the late David Hutchinson, on the old Mont Vernon road. Caleb Jones, after serving Hopkins for a sufficient time, but less than seven years, took his daughter Deborah for a wife, and set up keeping house in what was then known as the mile slip.

The prosperous condition of things all about us cannot be accounted for without some reference to the men and women who made the first permanent settlement in this valley. Of the first eleven families clearing the forests and making the homes here, nine were from Massachusetts, and presumably of Puritan stock; two were from the Londonderry colony and of Scotch-Irish origin, a good mixture of blood for a town, state or nation. I am not unfamiliar with the histories of the New Hampshire towns, and with confidence born of careful study, I know it can truthfully be said that the men who laid the foundations of this town were of no common mould, and that the names of Peabody, Shepard, Jones, Nathan Hutchinson, Bradford, Town, Crosby, Wallace and Abner Hutchinson, should be pronounced with reverence, notwithstanding Jones was a little eccentric and early in life planted a cherry tree, had it cut into boards, out of which he made a coffin for his own burial, and kept it in his dwelling until the time of his decease.

These men, with wives who were help meets indeed, were all settled upon our soil before the year 1735, and were in the front ranks of the founders of the town of Milford. There were, in fact, but few other inhabitants within our limits at this early day. Of these forefathers it can be remarked, that as a whole they were men of uncommon strength of character; that all had honorable careers; that, without exception, they remained in town, and were buried by their children, and I believe without exception today are honorably represented among the inhabitants of the town. I have made search for something like it, but find no instance where all the early settlers are so well represented after the lapse of nearly a century and a half.

Jonathan Towne, the ancestor of the late Wm. E. Towne, to whose well-directed zeal in historical matters and productive labor upon the early history of Milford familes we are much indebted, came here in 1759, and was followed by Ebenzer Pearson, in 1762, and long line of worthy settlers.

I pass by all that these men and their children did in the last century. You have already heard how nobly Capt. Josiah Crosby and others bore themselves at Bunker Hill, how valiently Andrew Bradford's son, Capt. John, and others, fought at Bennington, and come to the opening of the present century.

The year of 1802 saw the settlement of Humphrey Moore, and the year 1809, brought to town the young lawyer, Solomon K. Livermore.

They were men of large minds and warm hearts, graduates of Harvard College and life-long friends. I doubt not that these men, during

the earlier days of their active manhood, had many good and true helpers, but to us who knew them well, they stand out with commanding prominence, when we think of the first half of the century. The town had the best they had to give. They were servants of the public, and every man their neighbor. None were too poor or ignorant to cross the threshold of their dwellings. The impress of their lives appears in many another life, and your streets and public places continue to tell of them. While in the early history of many towns social distinctions, founded on the uneqal distribution of wealth, have existed, and some houses have been counted too good for common people to enter, there was not and never has been any of it here. The only aristocracy I have ever heard of in Milford has been and is the aristocracy to which we all aspire to belong—the aristocracy of noble souls.

The fathers whom I have named in connection with Stephen Peabody, Abiel Lovejoy and Dr. John Wallace, laid the foundations of the Milford Lyceum in 1831. I refer much of the past and present intellectual activity of the town to this most helpful institution. In it two generations were educated. While it issued no diplomas every man graduating from it took with him something in some respect better than the traditional sheepskin—the ability to think and write and defend himself "and his cause" in public speech. The town has been fortunate, not only in its men who laid the foundations; the men who guided affairs in the earlier part of the century, but in the men as I remember them from the year 1840 to the close of the Civil war (most of whom have joined the majority and can be spoken of freely), who bore the burdens of society, giving it the tone it has had and the character it now bears. They were men of thought as well as action, and I believe were in large measure intellectually developed by the village lyceum. Without doubt the business impetus which the town took on during these years would have come without the lyceum; that manufacturing under Geo. Daniels, Hiram A. Daniels and others would have flourished; that the business zeal which Daniel Putnam and Leonard Chase possessed, and which was such a powerful factor in the development of the towns' resources would have shown itself without a lyceum and yet I am persuaded that the position of the town as a community of commanding influence in the state; as the home of many actors in the temperance and anti-slavery causes has been attained very largely by reason of the existence for thirty consecutive years of the Milford Lyceum. The Hutchinson family of singers afterwards famous and the givers of fame and name to the town, were in part at least brought out by the lyceum. All honor to the old lyceum.

In smaller and less prosperous towns we walk about the streets and within ancient burial places where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

with feeling akin to that experienced in visiting old and decayed countries, and can hardly suppress the words "*Illumfuit*," for all about us are evidences that at some former time there was more of thrift, intelli-

gence, and solid acquisition than at present. But in our history it can truthfully be said that much as the present is debtor to the past, and much as we revere the men who laid the foundations of present prosperity, their descendents with new blood from almost every quarter of the compass, are proving themselves equal to the task of making the town all that has been hoped for and prophesied of it in the past.

In closing his remarks, the historian is glad to certify that he has played the part of the inquisitor, and finds that at all times and under all circumstances during the century and a half, in war as well as peace, Milford has honored all drafts made upon the town, and that in the exercise of the prophetic gift which all historians are allowed to call into use, he sees nothing but abundant prosperity in store for the good old town.

HON. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY.

President Wallace:—The Town of Milford has with her to-day, one of her sons, a descendant of one of New Hampshire's best families, who in winning the highest distinction in the legal profession in Massachusetts, has reflected credit and honor on his native town, and for whom there is always a warm spot in her heart, the Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, Ex-Attorney General of Massachusetts, who will now address you.

(Mr. Pillsbury's remarks are here reproduced, so far as they can be, from recollection, aided by noted made at the time.)

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens and Natives of Milford:

At this hour of the afternoon I suspect that you will pay most attention to the voice of the clock, which has just reminded us that these exercises, with the heat of the day, may overtax your commendable patience, and that the things which are left unsaid may please you best. Fortunately for us who come after them, the orator of the day and the town historian have admirably covered the ground of the occasion. I think of one thing, however, which the orator and the historian have not said, though doubtless they have thought of it. It must have floated across their minds, as perhaps it has across yours, that when the history of your second century is written, we shall find on one of its earlier pages, something like this: "It was a happy and appropriate coincidence that New Hampshire joined with Milford to celebrate her centennial year by taking one of her sons to fill the office of Governor, while the legislature chosen at the same time elevated another to a seat in the Senate of the United States."

As the parent town of Amherst is officially represented here, and has been heard from, it may be in order for a citizen of Massachusetts to say a word in behalf of the parent Commonwealth. If I were not here as a son of Milford, but as a Massachusetts man, I should say that Milford is only a part of Massachusetts gone astray. The earliest juris-

HON. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY.

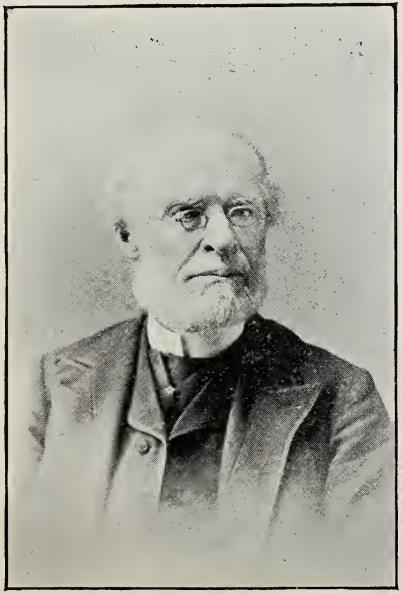
diction exercised over this territory was by Massachusetts. The earliest land grants here were made by Massachusetts. And while the people of New Hampshire have a notion that the order of snuffy old George II in 1740 fixed and settled the southern boundary of the state over yonder where it now is, that boundary has always been the subject of much dispute, and I warn his Excellency, the Governor, that Massachusetts still has a covetous eye on the southern part of his province. I have heard of an old woman who lived near the southerly line of North Carolina, who objected loudly to a proposed scheme to annex her strip of territory to South Carolina, on the ground that she had always heard that South Carolina was a very unhealthy state. If it should turn out by some new correction of the surveyor's lines that Milford really belongs in Massachusetts, I can assure you of a hospitable reception into that Commonwealth, and that its climate is salubrious. And in view of this possibility I congratulate my friend Ramsdell that he is running for governor now. I have some reasons to believe that New Hampshire is a better state for that purpose than Massachusetts, at least for a New Hampshire man.

If I should indulge in the reminiscences which the day naturally suggests, I fear this audience would be as far away before I finished, as my memory is at this moment. The orator of the day has made a just and appropriate reference to the old brick school-house; but I must remind him that another generation has passed across this stage since his time. I cannot forbear to say a word of the Milford High School, one of the earliest and one of the best in New Hampshire. In that school we were taught that most valuable lesson, which we have had occasion to apply every day of our lives,—to find out the reason of things. We were taught not only facts, but the meaning and significance of the facts. I am glad of this opportunity to acknowledge my own obligation to a teacher who understood that the end of education is not to cram the youthful mind with a mass of information of which half is misunderstood and the other half likely to be forgotten, but to awaken and train it to the right use of its own powers.

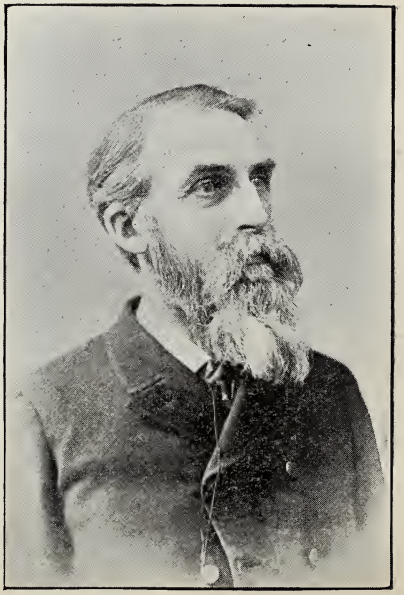
It would have given me pleasure to say something of my early recollections of this Town, and of the men who built it up and established its character, and especially to speak of the Milford abolitionists, the men and women who made the heroic chapter in the history of this Town; but they have already been fitly and eloquently eulogized. I must pass by these and other topics, to say something which may be of more practical consequence, which has been suggested to me by a very recent occurrence in this hall.

Among the changes which time has worked in this quiet country village, none is more striking than the change in the people themselves. There are new men here now, and new races. I remember the time when a foreigner was almost a curiosity in the streets, where now three languages are familiarly spoken every day. Among this people there are differences of opinion and of belief on many subjects. But there must

be one rule and one law for all who live in this community. The rights and privileges of all are to be equally respected. There must be no persecution for the sake of opinion, and no interference with the free expression of opinion within the bounds of the law. On the very eve of this celebration I read in the public prints, with shame and indignation, that a speaker, addressing a public meeting, was pelted and driven from this hall. I know and care but little who or what he was. He may be a fanatic. He may have been indiscreet. To some he may have been offensive. But he had a right to be heard by those who chose to hear him. In this town, where my parents and family have been known for nearly half a century, I do not think I shall be suspected of bigotry, or of any race of religious prejudice, but to make the matter clear, let me say that I hold all good citizens of whatever race or faith in equal esteem. I have not a particle of sympathy or respect for this unwise, un-American and unchristian crusade of one sect or church against another. Your fellow-citizens of foreign birth who have come and cast their lot with you are welcome, and will always be welcome. They have helped to build up this Town; they share its burdens and its fortunes. But one thing must be understood. They must obey its laws. This country, and this Town, are not for Catholic or Protestant. They are for law-abiding American citizens, without distinction of origin or belief. Whatever is done here must be done decently, and in order. It has been the pride and boast of the people of Milford for a hundred years, that in this place liberty of conscience, and the free expression of opinion have been maintained against all odds. Have the old times gone with the old men, and is the public platform in Milford no longer free? If so, this is an empty celebration, and the American flag, with which you have hung your walls, has no place in it. If I were a citizen of Milford—and as a son of Milford I hold an interest in her good name—sooner than have it published to the world that Milford can be terrorized by a mob, or that a public meeting cannot be peaceably held here for the expression of any decent opinions on any subject, I would see the banks of the Souhegan laid as waste and barren as before they were trodden by the foot of man. I know there are here still honest, self-respecting, and law-abiding citizens of Irish birth or descent. Some of them are my personal friends. They should be first to rebuke this outrage, and first and last to see that the like never happens again in this town. I would that every Irishman in Milford were within sound of my voice, that I might say to him,—Have you forgotton your brothers, the brave and patriotic Irishmen whose names are written on yonder memorial tablets? Have you forgotten that they gave their blood and their lives for their maintenance of law and order in New Hrmpshire, no less than in Virginia or South Carolina? And do you forget that by overturning the law, or suffering it to be overturned, in this town, you outrage their memory and trample on the very principles for which they fell? Away with this petty jealousy of creeds. There is no place for it beneath that flag. Away, too, with the thought that



HON. RODNEY M. STIMPSON.



DAVID HEALD, ESQ.

violence at the hands of the mob can be suffered to disturb the peace of this New Hampshire town. We are one people, sharing one common lot, subject to one rule, and that the rule of liberty and order; and all good citizens, of all races and all faiths, must and will stand together to maintain and defend it.

I have said this because these things are of vital importance to the future of this town. At one hundred years Milford is in vigorous youth, with her history but just begun. It is for you to make it as you would have it, and first of all it is for you to preserve her good name. It is the best legacy of the past century. That Milford will prosper there is no one here who doubts. That procession of the trades and industries which we saw and admired this morning will move, and grow as it moves. You have found a new source of prosperity, greater perhaps than all the rest. To-day, the stubborn granite of these hills, which yield no crop to the farmer, is turning into gold under the blows of the quarrymen. You will become populous. You will grow rich. You may expand into a city. But there is more than this to be looked for and worked for. Good towns are made only of good men. The influence and example of one public-spirited citizen will do more for a community than the wealth of a dozen sordid or indifferent men. A hundred years hence, when this anniversary returns the most interesting question about you will be, not how many factories you built, or how much trade you carried on, but, what manner of men and women were these people of Milford? How did they live, and think and feel? What did they do for good morals, good government, public intelligence, social progress, the elevation of their community above the level of mere commercial enterprise? Fortunate, indeed, if it may then be written of you, and of those who are to follow you: "They were enterprising, courageous, and successful. They built and traded and prospered. But in their prosperity they never forgot that their best inheritance was a good name. They never forgot that the most precious possession of towns, as of men, is not the riches that perish, but the character that endures. They held fast to the sober Saxon virtues of industry, thrift, temperance, order, respect for rights, obedience to law. They maintained freedom of opinion, and liberty of speech. They kept the precepts of religion, each according to his own belief, not only in their churches, but in their lives. They upheld the ancient reputation of Milford for intelligence, virtue and public spirit, and made this town a place in which good men and women could grow up, live happy and die content, a centre of good influences, an example to other communities, an anchor of the state."

HON. RODNEY M. STIMPSON.

President Wallace:— One of the sons of Milford descended from one of her oldest families, has wandered far away to the State of Ohio, where his useful and honorable life reflects credit upon himself and his

native town, which he has not forgotten after these long years of absence, but has returned to pay a grateful tribute to her on this occasion. The Hon. R. M. Stimpson, of Marietta, Ohio, will now address you, giving you some of his reminiscences of the town.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

If I had a prepared address, which I have not, I should not want to deliver it now, after you have been sitting here nearly three hours. Nor will I uncork the bottle of reminiscences, for then if you would stay, you would be here three hours longer.

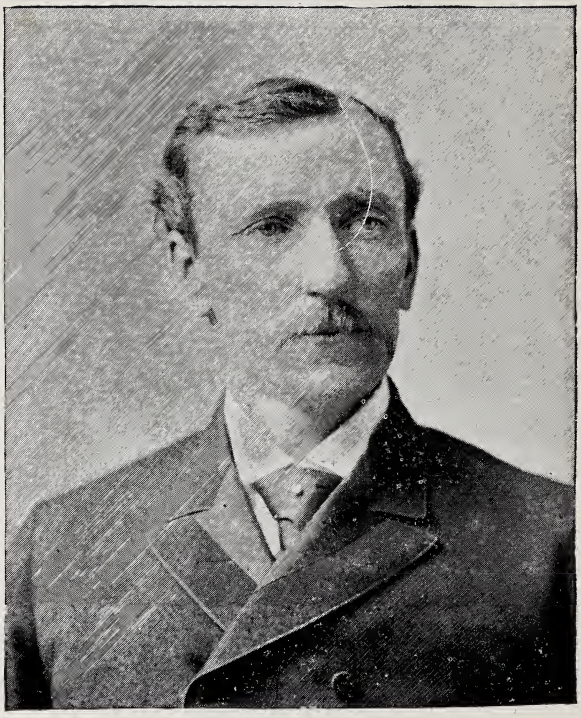
I wish to emphasize the suggestion of Mr. Ramsdell, a few minutes ago, to name this square in front of us, "Crosby Square." There is a fitness in it.

Also, I wish to emphasize the remarks of Mr. Pillsbury, in relation to the mob spirit showing in this hall last Friday night. There are dangerous classes in this country, chiefly foreign-born, who must obey the laws; and with this there must be free speech, surely in Milford, where it is a sacred right by all the traditions of the town.

Gratifying it is to me to meet here the people of Milford, a name so highly prized by me that my son was christened "Milford." Here I was born, nearly seventy-two years ago, on the spot where now stands the old Town Hall, a few rods to the north of this. Around, and close by this Square, were the days of my childhood. Here were passed in pleasantness the days of my youth. Here I played ball, trundled the hoop, swam and skated, and went to school. Here were centered my hopes and aspirations as a young man. From the north to the south, and from the east to the west lines of the town, I rambled over the hills and the valleys and the winding streams, and through the roads, the lanes and the by-paths. And to-day, as at whatever distance, and through the years agone, every spot, as it were, is clearly photographed on my mind. In 1840 I could call hy name every one of the three hundred and forty-eight voters in Milford. Now but eight of these are still living here: Granville Turner, James M. Burns,—over to my right, who was a friend of mine when I needed friends. I had other friends here, Daniel Russell, Rev. Dr. Humphrey Moore, Solomon Kidder Livermore, Charles R. Wallace. The others of the voters of 1840, now living here, are John Lovejoy, Wm. G. D. Burt, Abel C. Crosby, Edmund P. Hutchinson, William Jones and Benjamin F. Hutchinson,—who just now was sitting here on the stage. Here, a half century ago, I cast my first vote. Left Milford in 1845 to become a citizen of Onio.

Two points only I will now mention.

First, The exceedingly beautiful topography of Milford. Take down five and a half miles from Dram Cup Hill, so-called by Jonathan Danforth, a surveyor in 1670, when he established the northwest corner of the old town of Dunstable; from this hill, near Jones' Corner, to the little brook, some two miles below here, where Jacob T. Fuller used to live; and then take in the sweep up to the hills of Mont Vernon and Lyndeborough, and across the valley to Federal Hill, and the Burns' Hill on



HON. JOHN McLANE.

the south, and if there is a more lovely spot anywhere, I have never seen it,—charming, enchanting. In the midst of this beauty, is a village, with its winding river joined in the centre by the brook, with its delightful streets, all form a picture of loveliness nowhere else known to me.

Second, The high character of the people of Milford. In 1840—I speak by recollection,—of the three hundred and forty-eight voters, there were forty Hutchinsons, eleven Lovejoys, eleven Guttersons, eleven Burnses, nine Crosbys and eight Clarks,— more than one-quarter of the whole. This was a first-class stock, industrious, honest, intelligent, characteristics which have extended down to this day through all the generations from the first settlement, permeating all the people of Milford natives and adopted, and will soon extend down through time. When I was a boy and a young man in Milford, I never knew one of anywhere near my own age to touch intoxicating liquors, and to hear one of them swear was very infrequent. Theft and personal assaults, misdemeanors and crimes, were almost wholly unknown in Milford. It is a place to be proud of, in its past and its present, and wherever on earth you find a son of the town, you find one enthusiastic for Milford.

HON. JOHN McLANE.

President Wallace :— There is present here one of Milford's adopted sons, who, although he had not the good fortune to be born in Milford, had the good sense to select this place for his home, one whom Milford delights to honor and have represent her in the legislature, the Hon. John McLane, President of the New Hampshire Senate, who will now address you. Our Scotch ancestors, we will sing their songs and remember their virtues.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I desire to make my grateful acknowledgement for the privilege of addressing you on this interesting anniversary.

The spirit of the past is upon us to-day; reminiscence and retrospect rule the hour and the occasion. Your presence in such large numbers, indicates that you appreciate the great honor which attaches to any man or woman who can claim the good old town of Milford for a birthplace. A beautiful town with an honorable history. I cannot claim this town as the place of my birth, but for a quarter of a century it has been my home. One of your daughters honored me by becoming my wife' and here my children have been born. My attachment to this place could not be stronger, and my love for this people is as deep and lasting as life itself. And yet I cannot forget that where I first saw the light many of your ancestors were born, and the Scotch blood that flows in my veins is still traceable in yours.

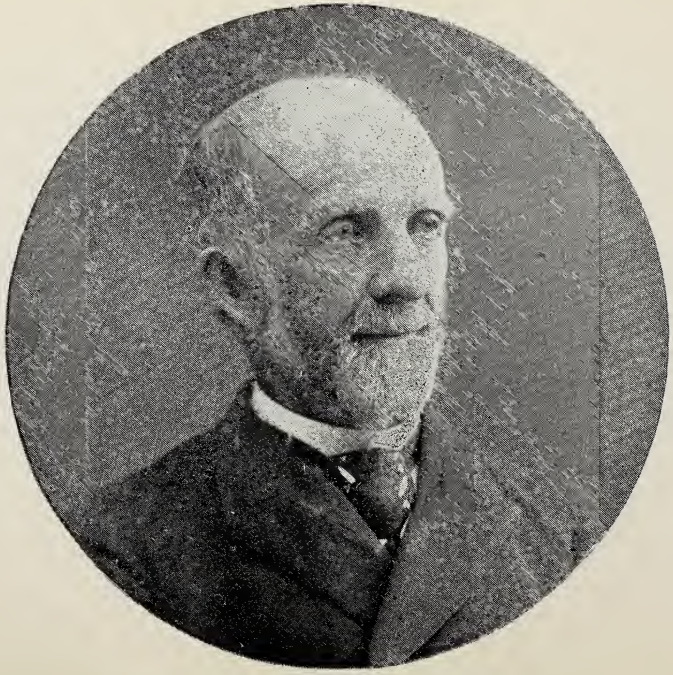
For this reason, the few moments of your time which has been assigned to me, will be spent in some reflections on what the people of New Hampshire and New England owe to Scotland and the Scotch.

First to be considered, and of the most vital importance, is the character of the early settlers which Scotland sent to people these shores. They were strong and rugged in health, inured to hardships from their birth, prone to industry, and cultivators of the moral virtues. Their great national characteristics which is manifested in all conditions of life is, and always has been, love of God and human liberty. These fundamental principles of life are taught by the songs they sing in the Highland hut, and from the lips of the preacher in the lowland kirk. The world pays true homage to Scottish bards, for his songs are the songs of all people in all climes where home is held sacred, and friends most dear. From such a people came John Knox and the great reformation, and the fires of religious liberty and toleration enkindled by John Knox and his faithful followers will continue to burn brighter and brighter as long as man shall exist with a brain to think or a heart to feel. Scotland furnished New England with her common school system without which an enlightened people and a free government would be impossible. The school house is the rock on which is founded our security for the present, and our hopes for the future; by it come honor and prosperity, and through it we may look forward to a more perfect and higher civilization, greater progress in the arts and sciences, and governed by moral principles, a more lofty ideal of American citizenship.

The military spirit and love for home and country shown by the Scotch people has been demonstrated on countless occasions. About the first we hear of the Scotch is in Roman history, where we learn that after the Roman legions had overrun Europe they invaded Britain, subdued the people, and held them subject to imperial Rome for four hundred years, but the whole Roman army could not conquer Scotland, and no other nation has since had better success.

From such a race came the pride of New Hamshire, the brave General Stark, who commanded the troops from New Hampshire at the battle of Bunker Hill, and it was his countrymen who thrice that day repulsed the British at Pebbly Beach on the Mystic. The battle of Bunker Hill was won by New Hampshire soldiers, commanded by generals from the old Granite State; the same John Stark saved the day at Bennington which was one of the most decisive battles of the war. The glory of his achievements are of such lasting nature that this very year the State of New Hampshire, by legislative enactment, will place in Statuary Hall, in the capital, at Washington, a marble statue of heroic size of Major General John Stark.

Friends and fellow citizens, we who have the red blood of Scotland in our veins, may well be proud of the achievements of our countrymen wherever they may be found, in town, state, or nation. Twelve of the presidents of the United States, five of the chief justices of the Supreme Court, claims to be of Scotch origin, while the grand list of scholars, orators and and statesmen, who have the same blood in their veins, are without number. The Scotch emigrant needs not not to be Americanized; he brings with him no old world race of national antipathies, but



CHRISTOPHER C. SHAW, ESQ.

a love of our country and our institutions. Americanism is a question of spirit, convictions and purposes and not of creed or birthplace. To be successful over the dangers that confront us, to achieve true greatness and reach the lofty ideal which the founders and preservers of our mighty republic have set before us, we must be true Americans in heart and soul, and in spirit and purpose. We must be proud measure of the glorious privilege of calling ourselves Americans.

Friends, and fellow citizens of Milford, time will not permit further discussion of this, to me vastly interesting subject, for I am a Scotchman and am proud of the fact, and as a citizen of this one hundred years' old town I am proud of its past history and hopeful for its future prosperity. May our descendants be loyal to the principles of truth, loyal to justice and liberty, and loyal to the blood of their ancestors.

CHRISTOPHER C. SHAW, ESQ.

President Wallace:—Agriculture was once the only business in Milford. It has always been, and is now, one of the most important interests. I call upon Christopher C. Shaw, a son and life long resident of Milford, who has always been engaged in and taken a deep interest in agriculture to speak for that interest.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Most highly do I appreciate this opportunity of participating in the exercises of this historic occasion. Milford and her associations have always been dear to my heart. For more than three score and ten years, indeed, for the larger portion of the century that has now passed into history, have I been familiar with her people, her industries, and her social, political and religious associations, and while there has always been enough of the spirit of rivalry to promote a vigorous progressive growth in the various interests of the town, there has at all times existed that fraternal union of sentiment which has kept the town fully abreast with the march of improvements.

Indeed as a town noted for her agriculture, business relations, temperance and other reformatory, moral, political and religious works, and more especially her good schools, and the number of teachers sent out, she has stood in the very front rank, not of the towns of New Hamp shire only, but of New England.

Coursing through my veins, as does the blood of the first Benjamin Hopkins, John Burns, Captain Nathan Hutchinson, Andrew Burnham and William Shaw, and those of my family, of William Peabody, two of whom served their country in the Indian wars, two more in the war of the revelution, and still another in the war of 1812, it affords me great satisfaction to embrace this opportunity to voice the love and respect I bear to them and their associates, the early settlers of this town for the grand inheritance that has come to me and my fellow citizens through their rugged courage, industry and perseverance.

Well might they have felt a just pride, when they were clearing away their forests, constructing their log houses, and planting their hills of Indian corn here and there among the stumps of their newly cleared fields, or pounding their corn into meal, preparatory for food, with stones from their fields, or carrying it some 15 or 20 miles on horseback through the bridle paths of the unbroken forest, to the nearest mill to get it ground. Well might they have felt a just pride, I say, could they have looked forward to the town of to-day, with its improved agriculture, its beautiful homes, manufactures, railroads, schools, churches, free library, water system, electric lights, and best of all, its intelligent, industrious, happy people.

But Mr. President, it was assigned to me to speak of the agriculture of the town. What shall I say of it? Agriculture, as a subject, has been talked threadbare times without number, and still it comes up fresh and full of interest every returning season. And why should it not? It was the first calling of man, and through all ages it has continued the first of importance, and the underlying industry. It furnished more than three-fourths of the entire exports of the country. So also of the freights of our great lake and rail transportation companies. It furnishes the principal factor of the commerce of our great cities, and gives employment to nearly one-half of the population of the country. Indeed upon it depends not only the prosperity of all other industries, but in fact their very existence.

But of the agricultnre of our forefathers, it must be said that it was not only primitive but crude in the extreme. They found themselves in a land of unbroken forest, the clearing and burning of which had first to be done before the arts of the agriculturist could be introduced. The implements with which they had to do with, were crude, cumbersome, expensive and, to the agriculturist of the present day, would be deemed entirely unfit for the purpose they were designed for. Labor was scarce, and seeds were limited in varieties, and hard to get. Their crops consisted mainly of Indian corn, rye, barley, oats, flax, and potatoes, also beef, pork, mutton and poultry, while the beautiful handmaid of agriculture, pomology, was scarcely known.

Little grain beyond the necessities of the home demand was raised, while they depended largely upon their animal industry for their cash receipts. I recollect listening to the tales of one of my grandmothers as she narrated her recollections of the methods and experiences of her great-grandfather, Benj. Hopkins (or Gov. Hopkins, as he was familiarly called), how he employed the friendly Indians in carrying on his great farm, known as the Charlestown School farm, comprising all the present farms lying on the river road between Mr. Matthias F. Crosby's home farm and the covered bridge at Jones' crossing, so-called. And how he paid them for their labor largely in rum and tobacco; and how he used to gather his cattle together in the fall of the year and drive such as could be spared to Boston to market. Their conveniences for travelling were crude, being mostly upon horseback. It is within my recollection

DECORATIONS ON TOWN HOUSE.

that the wagon known now as the farm, or family wagon, set upon springs, was introduced. So also of the mowing machine, reapers, horse-rakes, thrashing machines, iron and steel plows, cultivators, seed sowers and all dairy utensils, the dash churn, cheese press, and earthern pans alone excepted.

Perhaps there is no period in the history of the town's agriculture of more interest than the years from 1810 to 1850, when the culture of hops so largely prevailed. Most of the above years there was scarcely a farm within the town that did not have from one to five and six acres, and there was one that had twenty odd, while it was my privilege as a boy to ride horse to plow thirteen acres besides the two or three acres of corn and one or more of potatoes. The riding of horse to plow hops when the vines are well up the poles, as they usually were at the last hoeing, was peculiarly interesting as all will testify who have experienced the drawing of a good strong vine across the face, neck or arm.

The harvesting or picking of the hops was a season of great interest, for the reason that they were picked mostly by young ladies, gathered from the neighboring towns and employed from two to three weeks, varying in numbers from two or three to twenty or thirty, and sometimes more, seldom ever less than twenty on our farm. The canvassing the neighboring town, hunting up and engaging the girls (hoppickers as we called them), two or three weeks previous to the harvest, then collecting them in big two horse loads and returning them after the nops were picked, gave us boys at least a very interesting experience. The culture of hops, for the reason of their being mostly used in the brewing of beer, finally, under the influence of the temperance movement, which became strong in the town, gave way gradually to other crops, perhaps I might say to the raising of milk, which has continued to be the leading crop to date.

Next to the above in interest, perhaps, the cultivation of improved varieties of fruits, has made as great strides as any other. The science of grafting, budding and hybridizing were not practised in the early history of the town. Indeed, it is within my recollection that the first apple grafts were set in my part of the town, at which time I had never known or heard of a sale of a barrel of apples. The cultivation of small fruits was unheard of, and there were but two pear trees in town that I knew of, and perhaps my knowledge was as extended on that subject as that of most boys.

To-day we have fine orchards of luxurions apples upon most every farm, while their reputation has become world-wide, and the markets of the old world our best customers. We have also our pear orchards, vineyards and fields of small fruits, all contributing freely to the revenues of their enterprising growers, as well as to the health and cheerfulness of all who participate in their consumption.

Not so with the dairy. The cow has always kept pace with the civilization of man, and came to town with our ancestors, but what of her? She was the best known here at the time, but like most of her as-

sociations of our forefathers, she was crude. The scrub of to-day. Yet our grandmothers, some of them at least, with their earthern pans and dash churns knew how to make good butter and cheese.

The best of butter usually sold at from eight to twelve cents per pound, and cheese from six to ten cents. I recall a conversation that occurred in our family when grandmother, on an occasion when butter was scarce and high, took the ground that the going price at the time, which was one shilling (16 2-3 cents) per pound, was too high, and she felt that she was wronging her customers to take more than 12 1-2 cents. The average herd of cows of that day did not yield more than from two to two hundred and fifty pounds of butter per cow for the year, while to-day the average is probably over three hundred, and many herds go as high as four hundred pounds.

Eggs, when there was any market for them, usually sold at from eight to twelve cents per dozen. Hay from $10 to $15 per ton usually, but in times of scarcity I have known it to sell as high as $40 per ton. Potatoes usually sold at from 15 to 25 cents per bushel, the latter being regarded a very good price.

Most every farmer kept a few sheep in those days, and their good wives had their spinning wheel and loom, and the processes through which the wool went after leaving the sheep's back about election time, or early June, until its return from the fulling mill, in the fall, all ready for the shears of the tailor, or more usually the tailoress, who had been engaged to cut, and perhaps make the suits of clothes that were to reward us for our toil, were very interesting, for it was the only full cloth we had any knowledge of.

So also of flax, contrary to the present ideas of some gentlemen. It was quite commonly grown, spun and woven into bedding, underwear, table linen, towels, etc., specimens of which are now on exhibition in Eagle hall.

Farm laborers were comparatively scarce, good men getting from $10 to $15 per month, while the day laborer got from 62 1-2 cents to $1 per day, according to the season, with the exception of the time of harvesting the hay crop, which all having to be cut and gathered by hand, created a great demand for help. Consequently wages were often as high as $2, and sometimes $3 per day.

Corn and rye were used a great deal as a medium of exchange with the day laborer, and generally a bushel of either was regarded as a fair standard for a day's work, the hours of which were from sunrise to sunset.

But my allotted time is up, and I must close, but in closing what shall I say of the agriculture of the future, with the improvements constantly being made in farm machinery and implements, with improved horses, sheep and swine, poultry, with the Holsteins, Ayreshire, Shorthorn, and the queen of the dairy, the little Jersey. With the advanced intelligence of the agriculturist, constantly being enlarged by the diffusion of the results of the scientific researches of the national department

MILFORD CENTENNIAL SCHOOL HOUSE.

of agriculture, and the agricultural colleges and experiment station of the states; from the frequent exhibits of the various agricultural, horticultural, promological and floral societies, and the almost weekly discussing of these industries carried on by our grange and institute meetings, augmented by the agricultural press.

This prediction I dare make, that grand and creditable as has been the march of progress in the century just closed, they will be greatly excelled during the next, and may my predictions become true, and may we all have a just pride in having contributed our best efforts to so great and grand a result.

DAVID HEALD, ESQ.

President Wallace:— I see here an old resident of Milford, who has always taken a deep interest in everything pertaining to her welfare, and who, as one of our leading manufacturers, has and is doing as much as any one to develop the manufacturing interests of the town, David Heald, who will speak in regard to our local interests.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Once in a hundred years at least, it may be well to remember that law proclaimed so long ago, that "In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread," and that it is also true of the clothes we wear and the house we live in, with all its furnishings of use or ornament.

So we have not only labor on the farm to secure the bread, the meat, the food we need to make up the growth and supply the waste of the body, but also labor in the mill, the shop, the factory, to transform what is called raw materials into articles of use and beauty demanded by our civilization. And in this, as in the labor of the farm, field or forest, there must be *sweat*, and cost, not of money, but of labor. Money is only the yard stick with which we measure the work. And making it longer or shorter by legislation may have little or nothing to do with the amount of physical or mental force to prepare the necessities or luxuries of life. Some think that an unequal share of this toil is apportioned to certain classes of persons. If so, that only shows the fact that this law is not well executed. And that may lead us to consider whether the non-enforcement of law is not a chronic condition of our time. The remedy is being sought, so far at least as the labor question is concerned, by men on the farm, in the mill, the factory, the mine, on our railways, in our cities by the pulpit and the press, by Coxey's tramps in the east and west, and by senators and representatives in our national Congress, and no doubt some one ere long will invent a regulator which applied to our labor problem will distribute the burdens of life equally among men and women as well.

Milford one hundred years ago had many good acres of soil, splendid forests of timber, hills full of the choicest granite, and yet all this wealth of material was almost valueless to man. Sweat of the face must be due the soil, labor must bring down the giant trees and convert them into houses to live in. The granite, undisturbed in centuries, must be

uncovered, broken in pieces and huge blocks. lifted out of their beds, and by patient toil with hammer and chisel transformed until they take the shapes in the mind of the artisan, and the polish of a mirror. This and a thousand more things which I have not time to mention are what Milford manufacturers have been doing for the last hundred years.

The first manufacturing business of importance after the incorporation of the town was the building of the mill for cotton manufacturing, now owned by the Morse & Kaley M'f'g. Co., in 1813, being one of the first cotton mills built in this state. Souhegan mill was built in 1847, and burned in 1872. This being our largest industry, it was a serious blow to our prosperity. But some of our smaller business has been enlarged and new ones come in, so that for the last few years our town has had a steady, healthy growth.

Our products are cotton goods, hosiery, post office outfits, leather, morocco, paper boxes, fancy boxes and desks, baskets, cooper work, planes and coopers' tools, carriages, painting, furniture, and last but not least, incubators that will hatch chickens by lamp-light, and brooders that will call them in when it rains. These eventful machines, I think, have a capacity of about 200 per day, and my friend Billings will apply an automatic counting attachment that will relieve our poultry men of the necessity of counting their chickens before they are hatched. These new methods leaves the hens free to devote themselves exclusively to the production of the raw material.

Our manufacturing establishments are not large, and the proprietors are not men of wealth, as that word signifies to-day; but men who have their own fortunes to make, and sometimes to discount the misfortues of others which is always incident to a manufacturing business; practical men who obey the law and put a law amount of *sweat* and *brain* in their work. Many in my memory of forty-four years have passed away and the ranks are filled by others. These names are known to some of you: Leonard Chase, Daniel Putnam, George Daniels, Robert Knight, Wm. Pratt, Francis J. French, Hiram Daniels, Andrew Fuller, Wm. Gilson, Moses French, W. L. Pierce, John Mills, Timothy Kaley.

These were true men, who had at heart the growth and good of this town. All were captains in our industrial army, not marching to Washington to ask government; but guards at home, furnishing employment to many, encouraging education, and favoring good morals and religion, and so building up a community to which *this government* could look for help, which was true when the dark hour of our country's peril was upon us, and she did not look and ask in vain. They all died in the faith of our free American institutions, and shall they be less honored than they who laid down their lives on more southern fields.

And now on this hundredth birth-day as we pause in our journey to look back, we say peace to their ashes and honor to the memory of Milford's dead industrial leaders. And resuming our business cares and burdens, and wiping the sweat from our brows, we turn our faces toward the morning of the twentieth century, not knowing if we shall see its rising.

COL. O. W. LULL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

Dedication of Memorial Fountain.

The spot upon which this fountain stands is located due west of the residence of the late Col. O. W. Lull, and commands a pleasant view from the street and surrounding neighborhood. The fountain and the accompanying adornments are of a most appropriate character, and form an interesting chapter in the memorial efforts of Mrs. Lull, and the sentiments so beautifully expressed are dedicated to the memory of the men of Milford who died representing her in the rebellion.

The bronze structure is a work of art, about 12 feet in height. It stands upon a granite foundation placed in the centre of a circular basin, some forty feet in circumference. The fountain outlets for water display are numerous, and above and below them are attached electric lights, which more fully develop the sentiment of the undertaking. Around the outer edge of the basin, sufficient space has been allowed for the permanent location of a tablet from every state in the union, a number of which are now in position. The present marked feature of the enterprise are four bronze tablets as follows: one on north side of fountain bearing the inscription: "Memorial Fountain, dedicated by Oliver W. Lull Post, G. A. R., on the 100th anniversary of the town, June 26th, 1894." South side tablet, "Our patriot dead, they still live in words the truest, deeds the noblest and in love that is eternal." East side tablet, "In honor of the gallant men from Milford, who pledged or gave their lives for liberty and in defence of the Union." West tablet, "Liberty. Heroes of the Revolution, 1776—1781, on land and sea. Patriots of 1812. Union." This memorial fountain was formally dedicated on Centennial day, in the presence of a large number of our citizens, by Post O. W. Lull, with appropriate ceremonies.

Oliver W. Lull Post, J. R. Perkins, Commander, assembled at G. A. R. headquarters, at 8.30 o'clock, and under escort of the Milford Cornet Band, J. F. Holland, leader, marched to the residence of Mrs. Mary A. Lull, taking position on the south side of the Fountain.

Mrs. Lull, in transferring the Memorial to the Post for dedication, spoke as follows:

Mr. Commander and Comrades: — Will you raise the flag and dedicate this Fountain in honor of all the gallant men from Milford, of whatever nation, race or color, who pledged or gave their lives for "Liberty" and in defence of "The Union."

The flag was then unfurled in the presence of a large number of citizens and the band played the Star Spangled Banner. In accepting the memorial for dedication, Commander J. R. Perkins observed the ceremony as laid down in the Grand Army ritual.

Commander — In the name of the comrades of the G. A. R., representing as they do all soldiers and sailors, who defended our homes and our nation, I thank you for this privilege and this honor in dedicating this Fountain.

Adjutant — Detail a guard of honor.

Officer of Day, you will direct the officers of the guard to their stations.

The guards having been placed on the four sides of the fountain, the commander called

Attention — In the name of the Grand Army of the Republic I now dedicate this Memorial Fountain. I dedicate it to all Soldiers and including those of the war of 1776—1812, and 1848, whose remains lie on the camping ground of the dead, for their record has been handed down to us by history, and comrades, I especially dedicate this Fountain to all soldiers and sailors who fought in the late rebellion, for a free country and free states and for freedom, the constitution and the flag, and as this Fountain, sparkling with living waters, shall be a memorial of this centennial day, and when the hands of another generation shall reach forth to catch its silvery spray, and even when its waters cease to flow and it crumbles to the dust, may the memory of this noble woman, Mary A. Lull, together with the brave soldier, Col. Oliver W. Lull, and members of O. W. Lull Post, and all Milford's war sons, to whom this Fountain is dedicated to-day, shall live never to be forgotten. Comrades, salute the dead.

Commander to Mrs. Lull — Our services of dedication are ended. In the name of my comrades I thank you for your loyalty to all of the defenders of our republic, and for your courtesy in permitting us who are bound by special ties to dedicate this fountain in honor of our dead.

Chaplain, pronounce the benediction.

The Officer of the Day then withdrew the guard.

During the ceremonies the Lyndeboro' Heavy Artillery, headed by the Wilton Cornet band, moved into the enclosure, and occupied a position south of the Fountain. The exercises, which had taken place in the presence of a large number of citizens and friends, were of a most interesting nature, at the conclusion of which the guards were withdrawn, and the procession, with the addition of the Lyndeboro' Artillery, was reformed and marched to the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic and dismissed.

EVENING EXERCISES.

A reception was held on the grounds at 8 P. M. Capt. J. M. Stanyan acted as master of ceremonies. A song was rendered by the Dearborn brothers, remarks and reading of an original poem by Maj. Proctor of Wilton :

Pure water, cold, cold water,
God's kindest gift to man,
And he who plants a fountain
Works on his sacred plan.
To him will come the laurel,
The crown is justly won,
To him will come the welcome,
"Faithful servant. Well done."

Pure water, cold, cold water,
What a boon to ease the pain
Of the poor old wounded soldier
Upon the war wrecked plain,
Lying, with burning thirst a dying
On the field of slaughter,
Begging, pleading, no one heeding,
For just one drink of water;

Pure water, cold, cold water,
May it be the strongest link
Of old Post Lull's comradeship,
Their only perfect drink,
So when their friends from rustic shades
Come down from up the mountain,
May this beacon shine, and guide their line,
To treat them at this fountain,

And 'neath its light repeat again
The days of duty done.
Of dry and dusty weary marches,
And fields that were nobly won.
Of how they fought, the shell, the shot,
The oft-repeated story,
The days of blood, of cruel war,
Fighting, dying for "old Glory,"
Which now floats so proudly o'er us,
In a beauty true, divine,
The emblem of our country free,
"May its stars forever shine."

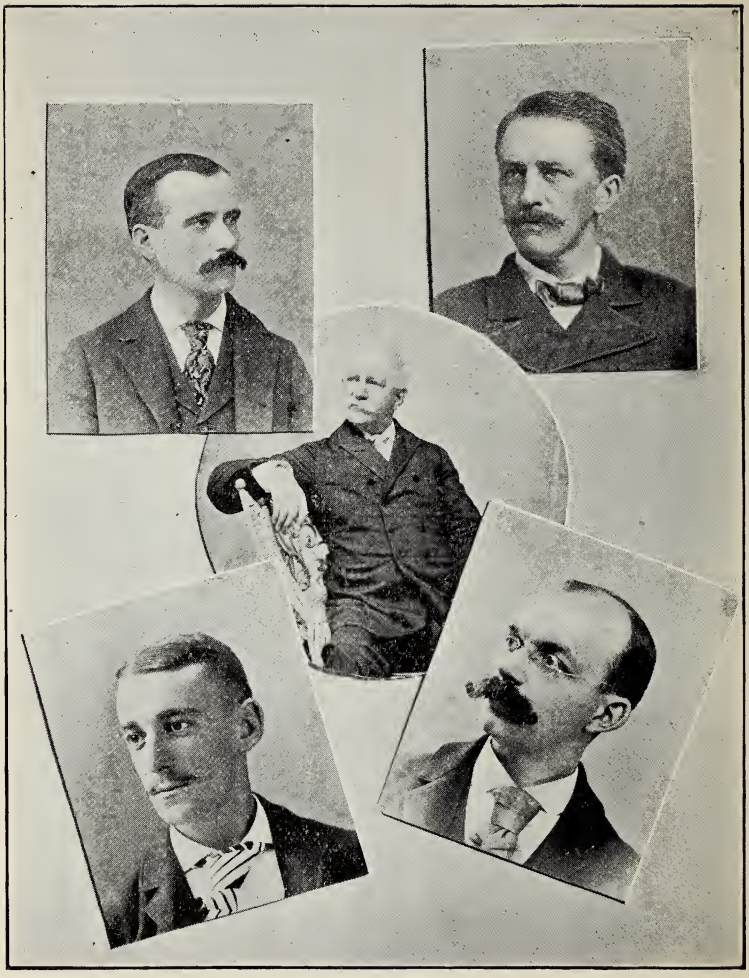
Yes, cast your bread upon the waters,
And after many days,
It will return to bless you
In many precious ways.
For He, who from Horeb's rock
Made the crystal life stream free,
Placed his rainbow in the sky,
That all the world might see
The beauty of the rain-drop,
In Heaven, so clear and pure,
On earth, with healing in its wings,
The omnipotent cure.

Pure water, cold, cold water
That from this fountain flows,
Is as a leaf from its doner's life
In the blessings she bestows.
The soldier's friend till life shall end,
With a heart of charity.
To her, the crown,, " Well done, well done,
Good and faithful," it will be,
For our promise is, " Who giveth the cup
Of water pnre and free
To even the least of one of these
Hath done it unto Me."

Remarks by R. D. Jones of Boston, architect of the fountain; song entitled "Fairy Land Waltz," by a quartette of young ladies; remarks by Rev. F. L. Knapp, and Rev. Joseph Manuel. H. F. Warren being called upon said that while he could not perhaps claim to have the youngest son of a veteran, he could, however, boast of the youngest son of a veteran in the United States to turn on an electric light. At this point the electric lights attached to the fountain were flashed upon the scene, the switch being turned on by H. F. Warren, Jr., nine weeks old. Remarks and songs by John Hutchinson, assisted by Mrs. Birney, and granddaughter. Closing remarks by David Heald and W. W. Hemenway. The large American flag that hung suspended over the fountain bore the following inscription:

"The stars shall shine on forever, they are all there. Thanks to you and your comrades."

Refreshments were served after the exercises. The occasion was one of peculiar interest to all present.



BALL COMMITTEE

F. B. Bartlett, Dr. H. S. Hutchinson,

Henry Clay Buxton,

W. H. W. Hinds, Jr. Dr. F. M. Wetherbee,

CENTENNIAL

CONCERT AND BALL.

Town Hall, June 26, 1894.

Executive Committee.

H. C. BUXTON, F. B. BARTLETT,
DR. F. M. WETHERBEE, W. H. W. HINDS, JR.
DR. H. S HUTCHINSON.

Reception Committee.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. JOHN B. SMITH, AND STAFF.

HON. JOHN MCLANE,	W. B. ROTCH,
HON. C. H. BURNS,	F. W. RICHARDSON,
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY,	EDW. FINERTY,
HON. GEO. A. RAMSDELL,	A. J. HUTCHINSON,
JUDGE R. M. WALLACE,	J. E. BRUCE,
HON. W. H. W. HINDS,	H. F. WARREN,
HON. SAMUEL HOAR,	M. F. CROSBY,
DR. D. S. DEARBORN,	E. I. KENDALL,
DR. A. W. SMITH,	J. E. WEBSTER,
COL. F. E. KALEY,	C. E. KENDALL,
JUDGE A. L. KEYES,	W. A. GUILD,
H. H. BARBER,	C. H. BARTLETT,
W. M. KNOWLTON,	N. W. ROBINSON,
NASH SIMONDS,	W. H. QUINLAN,
C. E. KNIGHT,	F. W. SAWYER.

CONCERT

1	Overture. "Mignon," - - - - -	*Thamas*
2	Cavatina, - - - - - - - - -	*Raff*
3	Concert Waltz,—May Roses, - - - -	*Strauss*
4	Duo for Flute and 'Cello, - - - -	*Halevey*
	Messrs. C. K. NORTH and CARL BEHR.	
5	Two Hungarian Dances - - - - -	*Brahms*

PATRONESSES

MRS. J. B. SMITH, MRS. GEO. A. RAMSDELL,
MRS. JOHN MCLANE, MRS. SAMUEL HOAR,
MRS. C. H. BURNS, MRS. F. E. KALEY,
MRS. A. E. PILLSBURY, MRS. H. H. BARBER,
MRS. R. M. WALLACE, MRS. W. B. THOMAS.

—MARCH.—

"They move
In perfect phalaux, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders."

1 QUADRILLE.

"There's a gude time coming."

2 WALTZ.

"Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave deserve the fair."

—Promenade.—

3 LANCIERS.

"Be all bronzen these numbers, and Martial the measure."

4 POLKA.

"But O, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

—Promenade.—

5 GRAND BASKET.

"Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bounds."

6 SCHOTTISCHE.

"Frisking light in frolic measures."

—Promenade.—

7 PORTLAND FANCY.

"Push on—keep moving."

8 CAPRICE.

"As in a trance I float along."

—Promenade.—

9 DOUBLE LANCIERS.

"'Then here goes another,' says he 'to make sure,'
'For there's luck in odd numbers,' says Rory O. More."

10 GALOP.

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift."

11 QUADRILLE.

"By magic numbers and persuasive sounds."

12 NEWPORT.

"Gude night, and joy be wi-you-a."

MENU.

Assorted Light Cakes. Sponge Fingers.

Macaroons. Saltines.

ICES.

Pine-Apple, Lemon.

Claret et sucre Frozen Pudding.

SHERBET—Orange.

HARLEQUIN ICE CREAM.

Vanilla. Chocolate. Fruit Ice.

Pistachio.

Coffee and Cream. Dutch Cocoa.

Strawberries and Cream.

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MORSE & KALEY MANUFACTURING CO.
Established 1840.

Loan and Art Exhibition.

The Loan and Art Exhibition, as held at Eagle Hall, was a very successful feature of the day's celebration. It reflected credit alike upon the committee who had it in charge and the generosity of the people, in contributing so liberally towards its success, by loaning so many ancient and interesting relics of by-gone days. It was unfortunate that this exhibition could not have been continued longer, that the public might study it more carefully and thereby gain the information and instruction that it contained.

The committee organized by the choice of Mrs. J. E. Webster as President. The hall was arranged with tables on either side and in the centre, and their historical articles arranged upon them, with the names of the loaners and the historical significance plainly marked upon a card and attached to each article, thus enabling the visitors to examine and inspect them intelligently. By an unfortunate oversight, these cards, which contained so much interesting information, were early destroyed, otherwise we could describe this exhibit more minutely and comprehensively. We were enabled however, from some records that were preserved, to give a partial list of those who contributed articles, and, although not perfect, furnishes some idea of the number and size of the exhibit.

Mrs. Nancy Bennett, aged ninety-three years, was present during the day and gave an illustration of the method of spinning, with the old fashioned wheel.

NAMES OF DONATORS.

Mrs. E. L. Hodgman, Mary Thurston, E. P. Hutchinson, Mrs. Rhoda Parker, Mrs. Joel Gutterson, Rev. A. M. Pendleton, R. H. Pierce, Miss Christine Moore, Caleb Hutchinson, Charles Dodge, Mrs. Clarence Gutterson. J. F. Boynton, Mrs. Henry Warren, Mrs. Henry Mason, William Coburn, Mrs. Gunison, Mrs. Stillman Hutchinson, Mrs. P. Russell, Mrs. Joel Duncklee, H. Carter Towne, Mrs. Jennie Towne, Mrs. Dola Thomp-

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FIREWORKS AT ENDICOTT PARK,
Tuesday Evening.

By Maston & Wells, Boston.

Twelve Exhibition Batteries.
Seventy-five Exhibition Candles.
Six Rocket Batteries.
Forty-eight Exhibition Rockets.
Twenty-four two pound Display Rockets.
Twelve Balloon Rockets.
Twenty-four Revolving Rockets, assorted.
Twelve Golden Fountains.
Twelve Exhibition Mines.
Forty-eight Assorted Shells and Bombs.
Fifty Colored Bengola Lights.

SET PIECES.

Exhibition wheel, colored.
Colored Floral Piece.
Meteoric Shower.
Star of America.

CENTENNIAL DESIGN.

Within a circle of Silver flame is displayed the word "Milford" and "Centennial" in crimson fires, with the dates 1738 - 1794, and the scales of Justice between. A Scroll or Wreath below bears the motto of June 26th, 1894, and upon either side the design is supported by Batteries of Roman Candles and Detonating Shells, which throw an arch of fire over the whole composition, and conclude with deafening reports.

LETTERS.

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 9, 1894.

Messrs. G. A. Worcester and E. C. Hutchinson, Committee, Milford. N.H.:

GENTLEMEN: —It gives me pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to be present on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Milford, June 26. I regret to state that I cannot hope to attend, on account of the pressure of other duties.

It occurs to me to say that I grow more and more in favor of anniversary and memorial celebrations. The revival of reminiscences by the old, and their study by the young, enter into the growth of character in both old and young, more, perhaps, than even individual experiences in life. The founders of our New England towns were noble men and women. The lapse of time has made great changes in society, but I believe not such as will diminish reverence for the virtues and the labors of our ancestors, who laid broad and deep the foundations of our republic. No town is richer in historic memories than Milford. I trust the sentiments which will be aroused at your anniversary, will be fruitful of happiness and benefit to all your people.

Yours truly,
WM. E. CHANDLER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
WASHINGTON, June 23, 1894.

Messrs. G. A. Worcester and E. C. Hutchinson, Committee on Invitations:

GENTLEMEN: I am in receipt of your polite invitation to join in the Centennial celebration of the incorporation of your beautiful town, and regret that my duties here will prevent my uniting with you upon that interesting occasion. A hundred years is a long time, and probably no one can remember when your ancestors became a "body politic," but in

the history of a New England town, whose organization and government are based upon the continuing will of the people, it is a brief period and one which we may readily believe will be celebrated again and again, until your coming anniversary will be so far in the past that it will exist only as a tradition or a record. Such I am confident will be the good fortune of your citizens, and I congratulate them upon the happy conditions under which life is enjoyed and dignified by them, and upon the certainty that through the coming centuries their descendants will perpetuate for themselves and their neighbors the blessings of civil and religious liberty, that public education may be maintained, that self-government may not perish, and that the right to worship according to the dictates of conscience may not be questioned, but may be recognized everywhere as an "inalienable right,"

Your program of celebration is an excellent one. It will be characterized by eloquent words of wisdom and patriotism, and by appropriate festivities. I regret my inability to be with you.

Very truly yours,

H. M. BAKER.

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91 Cross Street,
Somerville, June 7, 1894.

Messrs. Worcester and Hutchinson:

Gentlemen:— I am in receipt of your invitation to attend the Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Milford. It will give me pleasure to be present, if circumstances will admit. I retain very pleasant recollections of Milford, for some of the pleasantest years of my life were spent with the people of that community. I thank you most heartily for the invitation. Sincerely,

R. B. MOODY.

Superior Court of Cook County,
Judge Jonas Hutchinson
in Chambers.

Chicago, June 18, 1894.

George A. Worcester, Esq., Sec'y, etc.,

My Dear Sir:—I regret that I cannot be present to participate in the rejoicing over the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Milford. My duties are so imperative that I cannot leave here until about the middle of July. That the celebration may be a glorious success, worthy of the noble men and women who laid the foundation of the town, and of those who have, by devotion to its welfare, made it the foremost town of its size in the state, for enterprise, virtue and intelligence, is the profound wish of the writer.

Yours very truly,

JONAS HUTCHINSON.

OFFICE OF CITY ATTORNEY.

EDGERTON, WIS., June 21, 1894.

Messrs. Worcester and Hutchinson, Committee, etc.:

GENTLEMEN: — I thank you, and through you, the good people of Milford for your very courteous invitation to join in celebrating the centennial of Milford's incorporation, and greatly regret that my duties forbid accepting such invitation.

You have most abundaut material for an unusually happy centennial celebration. Mill-ford, the mill at the ford, was *one* key to the prosperity of the town.

Her huge beds of granite and her dense forests were others, but better than all these was that intelligence, energy, thrift and virtue of her people that seized on these advantages, put them to a practical use and built up her her homes, schools, churches, libraries and other institutions which have made a history that every son of that grand old town may well be proud of; while at the same time you have abolished saloons, gaming houses and other places of immorality and dissipation.

Her first hundred years is nobly secure, and it is most fitting that its completion should be suitably celebrated.

Her past, so prosperous and patriotic, is full of promise of a most glorious future, therefore I bespeak for you a happy and successful celebration; one that shall arouse her people to still greater achievements and prosperity as the town enters on its second centennial.

Very truly yours,

J. P. TOWNE.

SOUTH HAVEN, MICH., June 20, 1894.

To G. A. Worcester and E. C. Hutchinson, Committee on Invitations:

GENTLEMEN: — Your kind invitation to be present upon the occasion of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Milford was duly received with thanks.

To a native of the "Granite State," the mere reminder of an anniversary occasion is sufficient to stir one's pride and cause one's blood to pulsate quicker. As I picture to myself the happy faces and imagine the "feast of reason and flow of soul," it is with regret that I cannot mingle with the joyous throng, and unite in eulogizing the grand old town, where more than thirty of the pleasantest years of my life were passed. As "distance lends enchantment to the view," so must I be content, and although in a distant State, surely shall I be present in spirit on that festal day, and ever be proud to claim Milford as the spot where my eyes for the first time beheld the light. Let me say to all friends who, perchance, may be present, that many years spent in the West only deepen my regard for the place of my birth, its beautiful homes, its grand history, and its intelligent people.

EDWARD LOVEJOY.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 5, 1894.

Gentlemen of the Centennial Committee: —

Your kind invitation to attend the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Milford, N. H., is received. Please accept thanks and regrets that I cannot be present. I would gladly meet once more the remnant of those who were boys and girls together fifty and sixty years ago. I learned my A, B, C.'s, and a few other rudiments, in a district school in the southwestern part of the town. My first teaching was also undertaken in this self-same district. I think Mr. and Mrs. Addison Peabody, and a few other of my old pupils, still survive. This was half a century ago, I vividly remember the old landmarks, the rather hilly road, the spearmint, the wild roses and ferns, with the berries which grew by the roadside; but especially do I remember the school committee, "Priest" Moore and "Squire" Livermore, with others whose names are less familiar. Also, the old Baptist meeting-house on the sandy hill, where Samuel Everett, Mark Carpenter, and others, before and after, preached the word as they understood it, in all sincerity, and the Hutchinson Family, filled the singer's seats. And earlier than this I have a dim recollection of the time when Calvin Averill and Diamond Pearson played the bass viol and Luther Wallace blew the clarionet. But these times seem misty and far away, with now and then an event or a face distinct and real; among these were the baptisms, which took place in old Souhegan, with the singing at the waterside, and old Dea. Hutchinson receiving the candidates as they came up out of the water; these were impressive scenes, I wonder do they still occur in the old way? As I write scenes and individuals almost forgotten come vividly to mind. I wonder do they still raise hops in Milford? We used to have great times picking hops. For more than a third of a century my home has been in the beautiful city of Cleveland, on the shore of Lake Erie. During these years I have many times revisited my Eastern home, and though Ohio seems a little more familiar and real to me than New Hampshire, I still feel interested in all that concerns Milford, and am always proud of being a New Englander. Milford is a good place to come from, and I doubt not an equally good place to stay in. I send greeting to the remnant of the old days, and God speed to the present and coming generation. May they be true to their motto of "Equal and exact justice to all," and wiser and better than we of the past. Very respectfully,

ABBY L. O. AVERILL STONE.

VALRICO, FLA., June 4, 1894.

To the Town of Milford, through your Committee on Invitations:

I am pleased to say that I have received your very polite invitation to be present on the occasion of your Centennial Celebration, but regret that I shall not be able to attend. Please receive my best wishes that

the day may be all that you desire, and that the future prosperity of Milford may be assured by the sterling virtue of the people.

My first recollections of Milford were when riding into the town from the north with my father on a load of goods, at the age of seven years. The first thing that took my attention was the red painted roofs of some of the buildings. I had never seen a painted roof before.

I think it was the spring of 1823 that my father bought a farm of Michael Hartshorn, situated in the western part of the town, between the farms of B. Shedd and E. Smith, and moved there from New Boston. It was called the Melser place; probably Mr. Melser cut it out from the primitive forest. At present it is owned by Mr. E. S. Burns.

Yon have a good motto, "Equal and exact justice to all." But do you dispense equal justice to all? Do the women share equally in the government? All governments should be instituted by the consent of the governed, but they are not. Women are governed by laws that men have made, and are not permitted to have a voice in making the laws of the State. Thas is a great injustice. I am really under no obligations to obey any human laws, to which I have never given my consent. But, thank heaven, there is one path of freedom open to all, through the press. Woman can speak her mind there as freely as man, and I rejoice to know that many have availed themselves of this liberty. Miss Willard says that when she speaks on the platform she can reach thousands, but when she speaks through the press she can reach millions. Let us ever maintain a free press. With the public schools and free expression of thought we can defy all the powers of tyranny and oppression.

CLEMENTINE AVERILL.

CHICAGO, June 22, 1894.

To G. A. Worcester and E. C. Hutchinson, Committee of Invitations:

GENTLEMEN: — Your letter of invitation to me from the Town of Milford, for my presence the 26th of June next, upon the occasion of the celebrarion of the One Hundredth Anniversary of its Incorporation, June 26, 1894, is received. Please give my thanks to the Town of Milford for the kiud invitation to be present at the celebration. It would give me great pleasure and enjoyment to be there to see the beautiful Town of Milford and its people, where I was born and lived thirty-three years. Although it would be very sad to me, after nearly forty years since I left the town, to see the great changes that have taken place, and death's great harvest among my dear relatives and my good old neighbors; not one left, all gone and joined the great majority. I always liked Milford. It is a smart progressive go-a-head town. Its citizens have always stood in the front rank in advocating good morals, patriotism, human liberty, free speech, religious liberty, temperance, music and the arts. Also, industry, public improvements and advancement upon all lines, for the benefit and happiness of the people, hospitable to all

that come within her gates. In short, Milford has some of the spirit of Chicago's push, and get there.

I send my regrets that it will be impossible for me to be present at the celebration; nevertheless, my heart and soul will be with you just the same. My wish is that the citizens of Milford may realize all of their expectations and happiness in the celebration, on the 26th of June next, and hope the next one hundred years will bring forth great advancement in knowledge, improvements and prosperity to the Town of Milford, and may God bless all the mothers and daughters, is the wish of your humble servant. Yours truly,

GEORGE HOLT.

AMHERST, July 2d, 1894.

Mr. Worcester:

DEAR SIR:—In behalf of the delegates from Amherst, I wish to express our thanks for the cordial invitation to visit you, and the very pleasant manner in which we were entertained on the 26th.

With the best wishes for the progressive Town of Milford,

Respct'y yours,

JAMES F. WESTON,

Chairman Board of Selectmen.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HISTORY

OF THE

Town of Milford,

NEW HAMPSHIRE,

From its earliest settlement, with a genealogical record of Milford families, by

George A. Ramsdell.

PUBLISHED BY THE TOWN COMMITTEE.

TOWN COMMITTEE—G. A. Worcester, Chairman, J. E. Foster, Secretary, W. H. W. Hinds, Treasurer, W. P. Colburn, J. W. Crosby.

THE committee would announce that the forthcoming history of the town is now well under way and will appear at the earliest date consistent with its careful preparation. The volume will be of the usual octavo size and contain not less than eight hundred pages, printed on extra heavy rag paper, made in Henniker especially for this work. The presswork and binding will be by the Republican Press Association, of Concord, N. H., and will recommend itself. The work will be embellished with two maps, thirty-six or more steel plate portraits of persons prominently connected with the town, and many views of public and private buildings, residences, etc.

The edition is limited to seven hundred copies, and the committee guarantee copies only to advance subscribers. The price has been fixed at $3.00 (three dollars) per copy, bound in the best cloth, or $4.00 (four dollars) bound in half leather. Special bindings will be provided at special prices. Any information desired will be furnished by the committee.

W. P. Colburn has the especial charge of the genealogical matter, J. E. Foster the subscriptions and religious societies, G. A. Worcester the illustrations, J. W. Crosby military matters, W. H. W. Hinds physicians and secret societies.

D. L. Daniels,

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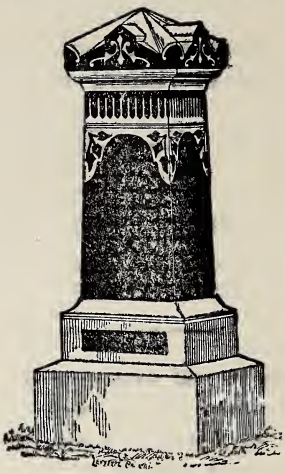

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